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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

People who work in and around Toronto publishing are often referred to — unfairly, we think — as the media mafia. How else can you come up with a name for a large group, no shift and juggle around a lot, make room for those who arrive from other places or leave for other cities. It's only natural that some call it a clan. There's even a fairly convincing argument put forward that it studies less how you write than how you throw, as one of publishing's crucial tasks each year is which newspaper or magazine is going to dominate the Toronto press when it comes. There are those who say good journalism or journalism helps but that's a quick eye at short-stop is essential.

That's an exaggeration, of course. Still, for anything to be exaggerated it has first to exist in some form, however small. If you were able to take the best editors and writers in this country and tilt through the pages of their diaries, looking beyond the accomplishments, chances are you'd find a tattered trapper, a set of diaries that counts as hardly atypical, a more casual of associations. When editors here, find they study the facts, then the person.

The facts on our assistant-to-the-editor, Arlene Arnsperger, are rather impressive. After graduating from the University of Toronto with a B.A. in English in 1960, she topped a City-bound bus to New York City and spent 11 years in various publishing positions, including stints at Time, Life and Look, the three biggest. She's done research, reported, generated, proofread and organized editors.

The person is as important as her qualifications. Whether she's taking in many cars, battling for baby seats or dealing with office chaos, she's both cheerful and not easily deterred — traits acquired 20 years ago when she was with dance bands in her home town, Winnipeg, and Montreal.

And if she's working here happily, it doubtless comes from the fact that her all-time favorite big band is Stan Kenton's. Just like the editor's. Among him, giving Stan Kenton a pass of your heart is the equivalent of having 600 and landing the prom league in home town.



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ERIC KIERANS EATS AND RUNS —THE NDP KEEPS LOOKING

By Walter Stewart

Last December 9, Eric Kierans came to dinner in Ottawa, his hosts for the occasion, at the Chateau Laurier Hotel, were a couple of chaps from Manitoba — Sid Glass, Minister of Mines, Resources and Environmental Management, and Ed Schreyer, Premier. They wanted Kierans, who is a professor of economics at McGill University, a former Liberal cabinet minister in Quebec and Ottawa, a millionaire and a professional bull-ringer, to run for the leadership of the New Democratic Party.

They told him he was practically a shoo-in. Ed Broadbent, the NDP parliamentary leader and their apparent to David Lewis' bottomless marble, was a nice enough fellow, but everybody's second choice. No one could guarantee the convention outcome — the NDP much and his tried to be more quickly and less pedantically than the other parties' underdogs — but the thing looked like a snap. Not only were substantial Manitobans like themselves behind Kierans, so were influential types in Saskatchewan and BC. Some of the federal NDP caucus members, while shy in public, were privately aflame and there was even, for Peter's sake, cheering news from Quebec. Sid Green had been talking to Claude Ryan, peevish editor of the prestigious *Le Devoir*, and there was no doubt about Ryan's view — *ça marche avec Kierans*.

Kierans was flattered, but not tempted. He doesn't belong to the NDP — although he has put up money for some individual candidates — he is not an activist, and was far from sure, despite all the noise and the dinner table chat, that an outsider could walk in and not sweep with the NDP leadership. "It seemed to me they were playing games if the spouses of Ed Broadbent," Kierans said. "I learned, because I and I would later, but that's all."

Word of this quiet dinner party quickly leaked back to Broadbent. He says he was more amused than hurt by the notion that party insiders, including members of his own staff, were not beating the bushes for alternatives to him. Not long afterward, however, Broadbent announced that he would run, after all, he running at the leadership convention in July because he wanted to spend more time with his family. He said the Kierans affair had "nothing, absolutely nothing — and I want you to believe this, because it's the truth — to do with my decision to pull back." He said he would be "very disappointed" if anyone was to vote that he had withdrawn in a half self-baited party strategy that he could have wiped the floor with Kierans and maybe on the first ballot, at that.

It is sometimes the lot of the political observer to create disagreement. I think the friction with Kierans did have something to do with Broadbent's decision. A party insider and instead of Broadbent's intended into a time-honoured child when I raised the subject. "It was the damn shot broke the cannon's back," he said. "Ed had been doing a damn good job in caucus, in the House and in the party, but he was still number two on everybody's list. People were saying — and you guys in the press were saying — Ed's okay, but hell,

haven't we got anything better?" Then it came out that there's a bunch of influential guys running around trying to line up a Montreal millionaire who isn't even one of us, and hand him the job. If you were Broadbent, what would you think?"

It's a funny thing about the NDP. In principle, the party, like its predecessor, the CCF, has always been opposed to the notion of a strong, charismatic leader. But in fact, the CCF and NDP have always been led by towering men, myths in their own time — J. S. Woodsworth, M. J. Goldswell, T. C. Douglas, David Lewis.

On paper, Broadbent would have been a star-studded leader for the NDP, a man who is attractive, quick, intelligent and ideologically well-versed in the left — which is the direction the party will have to go to keep from being trampled by the Liberals and Tories. In the long, bitter battle over party finances, he showed himself to be tough enough to lead, and smart enough to lead (The new electoral expenses law, which makes party decisions less desirable, is a small bonus for the NDP. There was a lull of a row over the new money, with most of the provincial sections — the real power base of the party — cheering for the king's share, and the federal leadership denouncing a sound financial base. Broadbent put his job on the line twice during the fight, he got much of what he wanted, including funds for a full-time organizer and full-time research director in Ottawa. The promises will still get part of the tale.) Even so, all the party members who were wildly enthusiastic about Broadbent could be accommodated in a House of Commons closet.

What the NDP needs is a steady guide for the next few years, what it wants is a bull-baiter, a new and compelling figure — like Kierans.

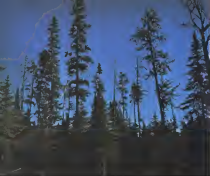
"We may be opposed to presidential politics," as Broadbent told me carefully, "but we sure as hell follow them."

Broadbent's decision not to run has been widely interpreted as a sign that the NDP is back where it started at the 1961 founding convention. Not so. The NDP now leads three provincial governments, it has more money and more members than ever before and a large and growing body of experience in two essential areas — how to run campaigns and how to govern. The party's retreat from grace in 1974 (down to 16 seats from 51) was a setback, not a fatal blow. The NDP will still be around five years from now and so will Broadbent. By that time, his children will be older, his wife will probably be back at work, and his worry (and it was a real worry) that he was about to sacrifice his family to politics will be less acute. He may well run for the leadership again. Perhaps by then the party will have changed its mind about what it wants in a leader or Broadbent will have assumed a more glamorous stage in the Canadian mind.

In the meanwhile, the NDP leadership contest is wide open and the party's movers and shakers are casting around ever more frantically for likely suspects. If you get a call, don't dismiss the notion out of hand, meet at least on dinner at the Chateau — the food is pretty good.



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SITTING AND WAITING FOR YOUR SUGAR TO SHOW

By Myrna Kostash

Sharon is standing by the window looking out onto the street from behind a gray curtain. Every nerve ending in her body is wired like the strings on a guitar — high-pitched, taut — and her skin clings and undulates reflexively. Her mouth has dried up like a blooded sprout and her hair thumps crazily at the bottom of her head. At every unexpected sound, that whole exquisitely tuned physical system jinks as if she's self-flagrating from an advanced case of pique.

She is waiting for a sign. The mailbox with a letter. The delivery truck with flowers. The ring of the goddamn phone. Footsteps along the sidewalk. The sound of a car getting down around the corner. The ring of the goddamn phone.

Until one of those things happens, she is sequestered in that over-ventilating nuptial, standing by herself stock-still behind the curtain. She is in love.

Not that her friend Sharon is without other occupations and preoccupations. She's almost 30 and has been taking care of herself for years now. Got a degree, burned around Europe, found a job she loves. She considers herself to be an excellent intellectual shape. She is lively, ambitious, greedy, sensibly curious. She's busy an ardent feminist ever since she stumbled across the first writings of the fledgling movement. Life register her.

But let's face it, she's not "busy" the way her grandmother and mother were. Farm work, raising kids, balancing delicate budgets, sewing, baking, scrubbing, mending, mowing, walking eight to four and then live to midnight. If these women ever stood at windows waiting endlessly for the phone to ring, she hadn't heard. They snatched and got down to business by the time they were 20. They didn't have time to stand by windows. They had too much work to do.

If her grandmother's life is mysterious to her — so is the little private girl providing her storage in Canada to end up alongside her husband screwing in the north to make a few pounds selling potatos — Elizabeth's Adeline's history (she was the heroine of *Romanians*) is as. Her story took place in 1939, but it's familiar to Sharon. The costumes and dialects have changed but the emotional landscape is the same. All that except, all that woman's nitpick, her ambition and greed and need *conserve*—how? Peering through rooms, upstairs and downstairs, playing love games with her first under the dinner table, plotting romantic dreams behind the extraordinary screen. And finally, depending on her lover to make her husband the couldn't track down herself. She was locked up in rooms, threatened by babies and misdeeds unto.

Middle-class women are not thwarted by such things anymore. There are garages in profusion, showers, divorce. But in so many ways, the new identities women are taking on now are only masks layered over a more ancient love, that of a woman in love. This means, the many of us, the eternal identity, somewhere inside is this palpating, tensile, yearning creature waiting for the touch of the lover to fulfill her most critical ambition: to fall in love. And there is nothing in that particular ancient fragment of Sharon's identity



that will help her pick up the phone and make the problem call herself. That strength has always been, in the most tentative chamber of Sharon's freewoman Superwoman persona.

It's a funny thing about women these days. Even when I and my friends are busy and working happily — finishing projects, meeting deadlines, enjoying the process, working, playing — we fall in love and drop everything to stand by windows and wait for the phone to ring.

No matter how well things are going, no matter the sweetness and stability of friendships, the age-old of work does well and stability, these things fall away like chaff from an innard of wheat when we fall in love. My God, the willingness to make promises, the compromises made, the adjustments to our schedules, the time taken out just to keep a love affair going. To keep the commitment steady (he could stop calling me! He might move away! Maybe he thinks I don't care enough!) We will drop everything to keep a relationship with a lover. We become restless, uncertain and nervous all rolled up into this one creature who is a woman in love, all the men have to do is indicate their interest and their need and the thing will be immediately arranged. Within their schedule, of course.

A woman in love. The litany of action. (Another girl friend told me this story at lunch. "I was standing in his living room looking at a picture. I had been hysterically depressed for days. I looked at the picture and started crying. He held me and kissed my wet, sloppy eyes and said, 'Don't be sad.' I never heard from him again. Why doesn't he call? He call him? Oh no, suppose he says, 'Brother who?'" There is a lot of distressed activity, pining rooms and composing dialogues, playing romantic movies in our heads. But around 30 does I am done to.

And yet, and yet, what women would really want to be just like our Mrs. With their well-defined categories of Work, Budden and Sex. That way they have of using (the dust is still on the couch) boys they want off the end of the bed, "I love ya, baby, but I gotta go. Gotta hit the road. I'm a rambler's man. Nobody's ever held me long. A wife's gotta do what a man's, etc." Sharon, for one, understands what that is all about, a sickness her, and yet she still stands there, nose pressed to the glass, a little bit weak with the guilt of having wanted to make him stay.

How will we ever get together, men and women? There is something in men's style I think women respect, something we would like to appropriate for ourselves. This sense they have of being a creature from which irritation and humor radiate like sparks on a wheel. And something in our own style we have come to despise, the timidity and dreariness, the mask of politeness, the inability to make the first move, take a risk. I don't think women want to take themselves around to gain that cool and lean, so the posture, the heart of the human need for connection, the human consolation of surrender. But there must be some way out of our dilemma, some way around that goddamn phone.

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LEARNING TO LIVE (OR DIE) WITH PLUTONIUM

By Wade Rowland

As President Bush goes, Canada hasn't done badly by her nuclear energy program. We have a relatively safe reactor in the CANDU — safer, anyway, than the American version — and the inherent problems in the CANDU design have meant that we've been able to stay out of the right-wing business of extracting and recycling plutonium.

However, according to recent announcements from Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.'s Chalk River research facilities, we are well on the way to voluntarily relinquishing both of these important assets in what may be a meaningless attempt to stretch the uranium reserves.

There is a multi-billion dollar pilot plant under construction at Chalk River to develop a method for using natural uranium enriched with plutonium as a fuel in our nuclear reactors. Plutonium is created as a by-product of the fission process.

A new reactor using this type of fuel will almost certainly be marginally less safe than the CANDU — whether that margin will prove to be significant will probably not be known until we have experienced a serious reactor accident and are able to evaluate it.

While it is true that the increased accident risk from the new enriched fuel reactors will still be of a very low order, it is also true that the damage that could be done by any major reactor accident is enormous. If any significant portion of the radioactive fuel he holed up inside an industrial CANDU reactor escaped into the nearby environment, deaths from radiation would likely number in the tens of thousands. Why assume that risk at all?

But it is the process of separating plutonium from spent reactor fuel that is the really dangerous business and we will have to go into it if we go ahead with the use of plutonium-enriched fuel. Reactor systems of the type used in the U.S., France and most other nuclear nations (light water reactors which burn fuel that has undergone an expensive enrichment process) rely on the income from the sale of this most toxic of materials to keep their books balanced. The spent fuel from a reactor is delivered in heavily shielded containers to a plant where the plutonium is extracted through the use of acids; the government-controlled firm purchases the plutonium for stockpiling as fuel for the breeder reactors now being developed. Breeder reactors, if they prove viable, would produce more fuel than they consume.

Plutonium extraction is a messy, dangerous business for several reasons. First of all, a plutonium-based chunk of plutonium can be used to make a supply concentrated atomic bomb. Hence to your extraction the technicians involved in carrying that such a small amount of material (which will eventually be produced and shipped from place to place by the thousands of tons) does not fall into unfriendly hands. Enough plutonium to make several atomic bombs is already missing in the United States.

Secondly, the plutonium extraction process creates large volumes of liquid waste in the form of highly radioactive sludge which must be kept under perpetual surveillance to keep

it from contact with living things. In theory, the absolute maximum time it will take for this material to decay into harmless is about 1,000 years. And unless someone can develop the technology to do a perfect job of separating the plutonium and other long-lived elements from the rest of the molten brew, the storage period for this waste will be 500,000 years — the time it takes for plutonium to decay.

Current plans are to store these rods in refrigerated tanks and they can be safely solidified in glass blocks, which would then be deposited in geologically formed salt blocks 3,000 feet underground. The presence of salt implies an absence of groundwater which could carry the radioactive material into contact with the living environment. The other alternative being considered is to store the solidified material in concrete monoliths in the hope that, someday, someone may figure out what to do with it.

If AECL's project goes according to current plans, both a commercial-scale plutonium separations plant and a new enriched fuel reactor system could be functioning in this country in the late 1990s.

AECL apologues say we need to make use of the plutonium in spent fuel to ensure that we don't run out of uranium sometime in the next century. By extracting and recycling the plutonium we now treat as waste and using it to enrich natural uranium, we can extend the life of our uranium reserves. Plutonium-enriched fuel produces nearly twice as much electricity per ton as natural uranium.

But we won't run out of uranium in the near future unless we continue to export 80% of our production, and unless plans go forward to build a maximum uranium enrichment plant in partnership with the French atomic energy authority at Marc Auriol (the output of which cannot be used in Canadian reactors, present or planned).

Of course, there will eventually come a time when we have used up all our relatively low-cost uranium and will be forced to recover it from low-grade ore bodies. And, eventually, the energy we have to expend to extract that uranium will be so great that it won't be worthwhile to burn it in even the most efficient reactors. But that time is a long way into the future, and when it comes, plutonium recycling isn't going to hold us out. We should now be working flat out to develop a more benign alternative — such as solar energy — and meanwhile do all we can to cut back on our present extravagant energy consumption.

The decision to get involved with the business of plutonium enrichment was not made by parliament in the same way that other major policy decisions are made. We are drifting into it, knowing that our atomic scientists and engineers know what's best for us.

We cannot safely make that assumption any more than we can safely let our generals make decisions about whether or not we should go to war. We need a public, parliamentary inquiry into the fate of nuclear energy in this country, and we need it now, before we drift any further.



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THE TAX TRAUMA: DOING YOUR OWN HURTS NOW BUT PAYS LATER

By Ray Magladay

Ontario keeps playing away, trying to convince 11 million taxpayers that filling out an income tax form is easy. And yet, last year more than a million turned to accountants and other professionals for help, another million took the job to tax preparation firms — the "seasoned" with their fill-out forms for a fee. The streets are filled with lawyers and notaries, finance companies, travel companies, banks, department stores and tax specialty firms ready and willing to relieve you of the yearly headache of filing — for seven dollars to \$30, depending on how simple or complicated your tax affairs.

Those who go in to the tax accountants and lawyers have little choice, the rich need tax planning advice, and not help with the preparation of their returns. But if you're a taxpayer at lower income levels should you pay \$10 to \$30 to avoid the trauma of doing your own return?

By far the largest tax return preparers in Canada (for the world, for that matter) is H&R Block. The Canadian division of this Kansas City-based operation spent more than 400 offices for the tax filing season (1982 last year), an sales volume this year will top seven million dollars (\$4.5 million last year, \$5.4 million the year before). Block last year filled out 565,900 Canadian tax returns, slightly more than half the total done by all the tax preparation offices put together.

Edward Ford, a hefty, gravel nose from Thunder Bay, helps run the operation in Canada. "In the U.S.," he says, "we do 10% of all returns, in Canada we're somewhere around 35%."

People go to H&R Block, or any of the other tax firms, for the convenience, according to Ford. The "convenience" at Block costs an average of \$12. The company traces its pre-tax staff (housewives, students, retired people) in an 18-hour centre in major cities during the fall, followed by a 16-hour seasonal centre in early January.

"Some customers can get their forms done in six minutes," Ford claims. "Others may wait five days. Every filled-out form is checked by a qualified tax consultant. Besides that, we have a 'shopper' (posing as a customer) who takes dummy returns to each of our offices twice a month to see how well the staff does the job."

The tax filing form is called the H&R Block, have come in for some criticism lately. One newspaper last year submitted data on 10 different individuals to 10 different offices and got back 10 different versions of what the taxpayer supposedly owed the government or had coming back. "Tax regulations lead themselves to different interpretations," Ford says. "Also, in putting several tax preparation offices to work on the same form, it won't be far off."

In spite of small problems such as that and the violent growth of the whole field of tax filing for the public, there seem to be relatively few major complaints about the convenience thing. The Toronto Better Business Bureau says "it's not a problem area." View Dillard, veteran BBB boss, says Canada is really free of the hole-in-the-wall, fly-by-night operators that plague the U.S. every tax-day season. Don Goss, consumer watchdog with the Ontario govern-

ment, says a few complaints arise from misunderstandings over the services promised by the tax preparers. "Some people get the idea the tax preparation firm will find ways of saving them tax dollars, but that isn't usually the case."

Most tax preparation offices, then, would seem to pass with a clean conscience. But, though there seems some uncertainty about the likelihood of errors concerning an return. If you speak with the established ones, you're not going to be rebuffed or anything like that.

Unfortunately, there's more to modern income tax than just getting the return completed and filed. Changes in the tax act (which federal budget seems to have a raft of them) are giving more and more people complex tax problems. If you have any kind of savings, an outstanding debt, a few investments or properties, you are automatically faced not only with a harder tax return form but with various tax problems you should plan for all-year round.

And to illustrate: if you own Canada savings bonds you would have three options on how to draw interest and how to be taxed, your decision hinging in large part on how you want to plan the impact of tax on your income this year and in the future. You can cash interest coupons and be taxed for it in the same year, you can let the interest accumulate until the bonds mature and either pay the tax in a lump sum then or pay the tax year by year as if you were cashing coupons. A tax service firm won't resolve this matter to your best advantage. Also, if you own two properties — one in the city, one in vacationland — you are buying yourself open to a capital gains tax some day should you sell the properties. Splitting the ownership with your spouse would solve the problem.

The more varied your investments or savings, the more you should plan out your tax affairs in advance.

And who is going to help you with that chain? A tax preparer's office? I can't believe it. The revenue department? Not likely. Accounting firms charge \$100 to \$200 for tax planning and don't do any for most of us.

The only source left is to take charge of your own affairs. Pump Revenue Canada for information, read their guides and voluminous explanations. Try the annual 216-page booklet called *Preparing Your Return Tax Return*, published by CCH Canadian Limited and available in bookstores for \$6.95. So, you sweat a little one evening a year, sitting down across a tax collection. It's probably good therapy.

Last year, the tax computer discovered in June that I owed \$75 more than I had reported in April. There should have been a penalty for the interest on the overpaid amount but it was waived because the post office was in one of its periodic states of malfunction. Even if there had been a penalty, I figure it would have been less than a dollar. I'm not going to give up my own tax planning because of a little harassment and the chance of a few cents of penalty. And neither should you.



Living Metric



As of April all of Canada will be reporting weather temperatures using only degrees Celsius. The weather may feel the same but the reporting number will move down. A typical spring temperature would read 10°C.

Reporting temperature in degrees Celsius is part of Canada's gradual conversion to the Metric system. And, in doing this we're only now just catching up to most of the rest of the world.

You'll be hearing the metric weathercasts on radio and TV but it's also a good idea to get a feel for the metric system in a more practical way. e.g., purchase a small scale to ride the thermometer which will tell you how hot or cold it is in degrees Celsius anytime you look at it. Metric may be new to you. But, in the end, it'll make measuring anything a lot easier for you.

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Celsius Weather or feeling hot at a lower temperature



Weather temperature is called ambient temperature because it relates to the environment around us. The following will give you a feeling for the ambience of various Celsius temperatures you might experience.

100°C water boils
40°C an uncomfortably hot day
30°C a good day for a swim
20°C room temperature
10°C an early spring or fall day
0°C water freezes

YOUR VIEW

Hamburger helpers/The Swami's lose-weight and gain-faith plan/Paul Anka's sad, sick song

I would like to commend David Humphreys for his article on *The Public Of Food* (February). I found it to be one of the more thought-provoking topics recently raised in your magazine.

Humphreys' observations on this matter brought me many facts which should rock us out of our easy chair . . . and would, if only we had some sense of conscience and brotherhood. How can we allow our brothers in other parts of the globe to starve while food is taken for granted in many of the richer countries, often to the point of being wasted or even allowed to rot?

We, whether we have done so voluntarily or not, have denied that these hungry masses are human beings and denied our brothers for whom we have responsibility. If giving humans is not the answer then let's suffer whatever hardships we must endure to help these lives to be self-sustaining . . . and let's do it with no strings attached.

My guess don't conclude that I think the food problem will be solved. I don't. However, I still think we must do all we can as individuals to see that our governments act in our best interests by serving the interests of humanity as a whole.

Some possible means of surmounting the problems were given by David Humphreys in his article but I wonder if any of these will ever come into existence . . . More international cooperation, more political skill, more independent scientific and hard options to fill.

Yet we must sacrifice and endeavor to solve these problems while we can, for the days of our own affluence are becoming very limited and we may be called to account for our shortsighted ways by even by those we refused to call "brothers."

LARRY DUCHESNE, WALBEC, NE

The article *The Public Of Food* would be more fully illustrated if the picture of the hungry child captioned "Some countries would rather feed their grass to pigs than people" were flanked by one of an obese child (for a head-on collision or a domino knocking) captioned "Some countries would rather process their grass into liquor than food."

KEITH WOODRICK, OTTAWA

Sun, sand and swamis

We, the students of the Shivanada Vedanta Organization and Swami Vishvanada, were very much enjoyed the article *Swami Vishvanada-Dramatis* as our life you and me (December). We are glad to see that, Maria McDonald reported the facts . . . as I saw them. Of course there will always be those who to every story — yours, mine and the truth — and God knows the real truth.

But how often is a keen and observing mind like Maria McDonald's Krishna on the doorstep of Swami's Krishna's Continent is in fact ivory and not made of plastic. Until one looks closely at such an object, both plastic and ivory look alike. But, ivory is different from plastic, and plastic is different from ivory. An observer can only be misled when only making a superficial study, as in this report. In the same way the truth can be easily mistaken for the false and vice versa.

Regarding Maria's pun, we are sorry she went away unhealed. Swami takes the blame. We have found this to be the case with everyone after the first week at the camp — this is because people are not used to the discipline of exercising twice a day and the waffles have not been used for a long time.

We are also sorry that Maria put on five pounds during her visit. In reality we help guests reduce by recording their weight upon arrival and every four days during their visit. However, we have no record of Maria's weight as she neglected to stand to this matter.

We should be very happy to invite her to come to our Nassau retreat for two weeks: all expenses including return air fare, paid. During this stay Swami guarantees that he can make her lose weight not, most important of all, make her a new person.

GOLF, SECRETARY VISHVANADABHAI, NASSAU, BAH.

I am forwarding this letter to you after reading the article by Maria McDonald about Swami Vishvanada-nanda. I was a little disappointed with your assistant editor's ignorance about our Yoga teacher and organization but I am grateful that you have introduced our teacher to a multitude of otherwise oblivious people. Consequently you have saved us a great deal of energy.

Since the publication of this article our center has been contacted by numerous Yoga experts with queries concerning our teacher and are able to understand him even better. During the Christmas season I was informed by more guests than one that they would have never visited the Yoga Camp had they not read this article.

Thanking you for this article, RAMESHWAR, PATH RANA, VAL MIBEN, QAT

Maria McDonald's picture of exactly what the law at Swami Vishvanada-nanda's Yoga Camp exposes more about her own vision than anything else. Could she not find a single redeeming feature?

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**HARDING
CARPETS**



YOUR VIEW / continued

disturbed children had ended for the summer. However, not a word about the lost souls like Swann has taken under his wing? The co-drug addicts who have been cruel through his disapproval? Those whose lives have been transformed by his teachings? Or those who come simply for the novelty and joy of the camp experience? Come on, Mr. McDonald! These people were right under your nose. You had one eye patrolling your Harbort Lady students, and the other glued to the Swann's food tray. You missed the most important part of the picture. But then, distortion is a cheap and easy way to distort attention, isn't it?

CAROL MONTAGNA, ALLENBY, ONT.

Janis junkie

Janis Joplin's greatest fear, according to Myra Friedman's *Burned After*, was that people would find out that she really couldn't sing? I think Crawley Pines confirmed it.

I was really pleased to read John Hofer's critique (February) and was beginning to feel that we were afraid to criticize Joplin because it was a Canadian-made film.

To advertise "Janis — the way she was" is indeed misleading. If you want to know how she was buy the biography for two dollars, but to spend three dollars to see her the way the Joplin family wanted her seen is to be "had."

BRENE BAY, OTTAWA

John Hofer's is absolutely right, the movie *Janis* is a lie. Imagine an opening scene where she's in bed with one rock star and two women with a guitar shouting up her nose. Swann's catering doesn't it? If Hofer's likes actresses so much he should read William Burroughs.

ROBERT DALL, VANCOUVER

The baby-makers

In reference to Marie McDonald's article, *Heir: My Son*, (February), I was puzzled to find out that the National Organization for Women somehow deduced a "yes childless or anti-short-term" attitude from Paul Anka's gold-seller, *You're Having My Baby*. I think the people who should be getting the most upset are the ones like myself who believe that it is not up to us to decide the fate of an unborn child. Anka makes the cynical implication that a woman does indeed have that privilege when he says "You didn't have to keep it."

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On the outside, the Rabbit is a sub-compact sized car. But open the door and it's a different story. Approximately 80% of the space in the car is devoted to functional

rooms. In fact, there's actually more people-room inside than in some mid-size cars. (It'll hold everything you see in the top picture and then some.)

The Rabbit has rack-and-pinion steering, an independent stabilizer rear axle, front wheel drive and steel-belted radials.

Also, as you may have noticed, both the 2-door and 4-door Rabbits come as Hatchbacks. And you don't pay a penny more for that extra door. Plus, you also get probably the most advanced car coverage plan in the automotive industry, Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket.

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YOUR VIEW / continued

Wouldn't get you through it / Could have swept it from your life / But you didn't do it

The triviality with which he treats the matter is enough to offend anyone. "You're kissing my baby / What a lovely way of saying how much you love me..." "My! But what a nice gesture, you were going to damn my socks but you decided to have my baby instead!"

Whether one thinks that this song necessarily implies the right of a woman to take the life of her unborn child or that it denotes the role of a woman to the capacity of a grandmother, at that it is simply an insensitive trivialization of one of the fiercest mysteries of life, *You're Kissing My Baby* is a symptom of an ever-deepening sickness that is tilting hold of our society.

RONALD R. MCGONAGLE, TORONTO

Sunny side up

Reading Walter Stewart's remarkable observation *Down And Up In San Francisco* (February), I noticed the comment — not the subtle one — seem to have a screw loose! that "the sun has barely risen from its Pacific bed." "Heads one to speculate as to what other screws might have been loose that fazed San Francisco morning."

SELWYN DENOVITY, LONDON, ONT

Mother's Day

When I first read Heather Robertson's *Ravel My Baby: No One Can Touch You The Style Delivery* (February), I thought the article was perhaps not designed to subvert fathers. The author certainly deserves credit for literary proficiency in creating atmosphere.

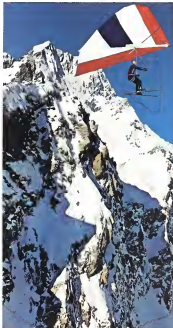
I speak now as a father who has been present at two difficult births and whose friends have also enjoyed the "natural childbirth" experience. At no time had we questioned the nightmare so lucidly detailed by the author. Rather, it was a definitely rewarding experience, where the art of birth was combined with dignity.

My gratitude to Heather Robertson is the obviously mixed the point of childbirth because of an overly active imagination.

JACK LOVE, VANCOUVER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO: MAILBOX MAGAZINE, Four Place, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



"With 18 feet of sail as my wings—I, a rather literary Jeff Joke from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. Altitude: 8000 feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome. Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was racing toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly downdraft."



"With some wild acrobatic and misdirection, I escaped into smooth air. As I soared, I gently remembered the first rule of kite flying: never fly higher than you'd like to fall."



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Construction underway at Stelco's new Lake Erie complex



On the north shore of Lake Erie, near the village of Nantuxco, one of the most advanced and efficient steel-making operations in the world is taking shape on a 5,600-acre site. It is Stelco's massive Lake Erie complex.

Owned and designed by Canadians, this huge project will be built in stages, the first of which will add 1.3 million tons of steel to Stelco's annual output within a few years.

Technological innovations abound in the plant. For example, Stelco engineers have designed a hot strip mill that will be markedly more compact and less energy-consuming than conventional facilities.

But not all the innovations are confined to steelmaking. Unprecedented attention has been devoted to environmental programs. For instance, the bulk of the water to be used in the plant will be re-circulated. Air cleanings will be maintained by a system of scrubbers and precipitators and aerosol collection devices to handle furnace exhausts. Man-made hills and thousands of newly planted trees will create a green belt on the perimeter of the plant site.

The construction of Stelco's new complex will require up to 3,000 workers, eventually thousands of permanent new jobs will be created in the area. The Lake Erie plant is only one facet of a huge expansion program. It far exceeds in magnitude any previous steelmaking development in Canada. It is, however, a program that is not out of proportion with Stelco's previous growth rate over the past 20 years. During this period the Company has quadrupled its annual production of steel.

Canadian industry needs steel for its continuing progress. Stelco, Canada's leading steelmaker, is doing something about satisfying it: it is needed.



1—Placing the footings and pouring the floor slabs for Stelco's hot strip mill at the Lake Erie complex. The 1,000 x 130 foot excavation necessitated the removal of 767,500 cubic yards of earth.

2—The layout of the Lake Erie complex will make it one of the most efficient steelmaking operations in the world.

3—A program of two-way communication has been established with residents in the area to ensure that local interests and concerns are heeded.

4—Data on marine life and lake characteristics have been gathered as part of Stelco's program aimed at protecting the environment.



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CAN WE HEAL OUR ECONOMIC ILLS?

NO SAYS A NOTED HISTORIAN



David Creighton, Canada's foremost historian, argues that tinkering with fiscal prudence will not, in the long run, make much difference. We are, he claims, in the grip of "growth-mania" which has become a national epidemic. In place of economic stability, independence and modest commitments, we have opted for a 30-year reprieve on the sinking roller coaster of the house mortgage. Creighton argues here that the heritage we will leave our children may be a wasteland, because no one is longer willing to make sacrifices

YES SAYS A BUSINESS ANALYST



Jack Bédol, president of the Claxton Company, and a man with long experience in business, argues that our current problems are merely symptoms of deeper-rooted ones. He puts forward a number of specific proposals toward solution. These include suggestions that we stop selling oil and gas to the U.S., and lend it to them instead; that universities be allowed to buy into the houses they are helping to finance; and that we create a new kind of investment bank to help restore our faltering stock markets.

WE'VE BEEN FAT TOO LONG AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE

Waking up to the fact that the good times are all gone

BY DONALD CREIGHTON

Only two years ago, the members of the Club of Rome and the other prophets of an impending crisis on the future of man and his world were still the objects of scorn, ridicule and indignation. Who it was asked rightly were these absurd and cynical Cassandras? Why did they think themselves entitled to subject us to such ridicule and scornful scorn? They had, it was charged, based their predictions on inadequate and highly questionable information. They had missed that wonderful new electronic device, the computer. Their predictions of the future were exaggerated and grotesque. They were, in fact, preposterously wrong. Mankind was not headed for its abyss. On the contrary, mankind was destined for even higher splendours of affluence and personal living. The natural resources of the world, while not perhaps exactly inexhaustible, could certainly last, with careful management and conservation, into the indefinite future. Even if, in the very long run, part of man's natural endowment should decline or fail, his powers of invention would respond to the challenge of need and a synthetic substitute, which would be put in place in the original and probably even better, would be quickly supplied.

Then, in the autumn of 1973, circumstances began to unravel. It was not that the human condition and the state of the world had suddenly and dramatically changed: it was simply that changes which had been tentatively growing over a number of years became abruptly and startlingly manifest. Man and the enormous industrial machine he had created in modern times have always depended ultimately on people and cheap supplies of fuel — of food for human beings and energy for their mechanized contrivances. Food and energy had always been available in plenty in apparently unlimited quantities and at relatively moderate prices in the industrialized nations of Western Europe and North America. They counted on the continuance of these essentials with as much confidence as they counted on the rising of the sun, but they failed to realize that their own monopoly of the cheapest food and the cheapest sources of power was no longer nearly so unquestioned and secure as in the past. Their monopoly had in fact been challenged by partly purified and undependable nations which believed they knew the secret of the West's success, and were eager to employ modern technology, build up industry, and improve the health and welfare of their peoples.

Humanity as a whole, and not only a privileged portion of it, now realized the incredible value of the vital fuels. But the West was still their most voracious consumer, gobbling up larger quantities than ever before, and the crisis began in the autumn and winter of 1973-74 when the Western nations suddenly discovered that food and energy had, almost without warning, become scarce and dear. Canada and the United States saw at last the rapid depletion of their own deposits of

petroleum. Europe and North America watched with consternation and fury when the primitive countries of the Middle East, which had been selling their one great asset for what the world chose to pay for it, suddenly realized their enormous power over mankind industry and quadrupled their price for oil. Developing nations which until very recently had been peasant economies subsisting contentedly on fish and cereals now began to demand the most expensive oil and find that the citizens of a few wealthy powers had virtually monopolized before. Even cereals, man's first and basic foodstuff for thousands, had become scarce and costly. Vast areas of the earth's surface in eastern Europe, Asia and Africa which in the past had always produced enough grain to feed their peoples, with something left over for export, were now obliged to supplement their own crops with supplies from the world's breadbasket, North America. All of a sudden there was famine, starvation, preposterously high prices which stifled the fires of inflation and reduced the misery reduction of international exchange. The gloomy predictions could no longer be dismissed as ridiculous delusions. The crisis they had forecast was no longer far off. It was not even impending. It had come.

The bewildered inhabitants of the Western world would doubtlessly have had fallen them. Their accredited pundits — politicians, economists, statisticians and journalists — all offered their complicated explanations. But the real explanation was at once more basic and simpler. It lay in contemporary man himself, in his glib and naive conception of what the world's resources and his own energy could yield him. It was not simply a belief in the indefinite continuance of the rich and easy way of life. It was also and more importantly, an intense conviction in an unreal, self-serving narrative of convenience, comfort, leisure and convenience. Material prosperity, it was assumed, would last forever, but it was also expected to grow a little at the very least and probably a lot, every year.

The theoretical origins of this golden age are to be found in the doctrines of its creator, John Maynard Keynes, who in 1933 published a book that underwrote the economic policies of the West and revolutionized all Western economies. It was Keynes' argument that nations wished to escape the prolonged dreariness of a depression, it could buy its way back into recovery, it could lift the levels of employment and income by public and private expenditure.

This new economic evangel quickly captured the minds of the mandarins in the Bank of Canada and the Federal Department of Finance after World War II. When they feared most was a memory of the Depression which had been Canada's hell after World War I, and their whole postwar program was concerned with the aim of achieving a high and steady level of employment and national income. The elaborate sys-

tem of improved social welfare, massive which the federal government proposed in the federal postwar conference in 1945 was designed not only to level out the gross inequalities in Canadian incomes but also to distribute purchasing power as widely as possible. Unemployment benefits, family allowances, social aid payments and unemployment insurance pay would all put money into the hands of people who could be counted on to spend and keep on spending.

It was the postwar boom that started Canada off on its supposedly endless spree of consumer life. Years went by, good times continued on their steady way, and gradually high employment and high incomes began to grow. Unemployment fell, even a little unsatisfactory. It was no longer sufficient to avoid depressions and to maintain prosperity. There was to be growth, regular and consistent growth. Every government and every corporation in Canada quickly made growth its overriding aim. The possibilities and prospects of growth became the nation's chief concern: quarterly, and then monthly economic reports became essential to the nation's peace of mind. A significant rise in the gross national product represented the sign of human happiness.

During the 1950s and 1960s, the rapid increase in government did strange things to the Canadian people and their governments. Government was, of course, intended to play a major part in the Keynesian scheme of things, but Canadian governments found it convenient to forget that their role in Keynes had been it was essentially a balancing role. They made hardly any attempt to restrain or stabilize the rate of growth, but they gave their talent eagerly to the business of stopping and promoting it. Obviously the first duty of a growth-minded government was to investigate the ways to grow fast. Soon, a highly limited and extremely expensive array of "growth men" — economic planners, technicians, statisticians and engineers — began to help the government in concocting its vast expenditure plans. Even the rapidly growing civil service apparently proved incapable of discussing enough urgent needs and increasing enough expensive projects to maintain constant growth. It became necessary to appoint an individual or group — in high ranks of pay, of course — to investigate the or study that or report on the other. Almost invariably so, a proved necessity to engage another individual or group — and usually at still higher pay — to review the report or reconsider the study, or evaluate the findings of the investigation.

Under the constant urgency of government, the role of a Canadian government almost disappeared. The public sector — the very phrase would have been almost unpronounceable to the poorer prewar generations — took over such a mammoth portion of national production that the word "free" became laughably inappropriate. Through the experience and knowledge they had already acquired, Canadian governments were for many years free, for example, American governments, to

assume a large share in the control and direction of the economy. Public ownership of an enormous national enterprise had been widely established in the early 1930s, and by 1950 the population groups, which transferred large sums from the richer to the poorer regions of the country, established even small provinces in take a hand in the costly task of promoting Federal and provincial governments discovered new, and innovative ways of exploiting their resources of petroleum, natural gas, modern energy, metals and water power. Their new, becoming landfills on a large scale, comprising large tracts of land for unnecessary exports or suitable for leisure. Sometimes they camped and sometimes they cooperated with each other in providing opportunities to establish factories in particular localities. Unions withdrew and "big-brother" boss" were provided in industries with a new sense of responsibility. The geographical distribution of the firms, the financial magnification of politicians, civil servants and consulting "growth men" ran out of ideas for new and costly projects. The federal govern-

ment did not for a minute relax its efforts to lift the level of employment and income. Through the local Industries Program and the Opportunities For Youth Program it moved Canadian citizens to construct their own internal market schemes.

The growth age did strange things to Canadian governments: it did even stranger things to the character of the Canadian people. It didn't seem to matter very much whether the Canadians had religious beliefs or political convictions, or intellectual interests or artistic inclinations. They only really represented attitudes were that, whenever they got money and spent it quickly. Above all else, they were consumers — or rather, not exactly consumers but buyers. Their homes and garages were full of assorted, unused goods, which they had never needed or had discarded and forgotten as which was now useless because its manufacturer, despite his "efficiency" had thoughtfully insisted on rapid obsolescence. If a purchase remained unaccounted or neglected, it was of no consequence: it had been bought and that fulfilled the one real purpose of its creation. The only expenditure which was not considered legitimate was the expenditure of one's own time, skills and energy. Each became a chaotic confusion which every government and every financial institution in the world did its best to perpetuate. Credit cards, charge accounts, bank loans, installment purchases all helped Canadians to keep on buying more and more that they could afford.

It was this state of spending and borrowing that widened the scope of government until it assumed the proportions of a national religion. Government and consumption had become the sacred ground of growth, now it was the turn of the population, a population bathed in constant buying and forced to live in a world of steadily rising prices.

When the crisis of food and fuel arrived in the autumn of 1973, Canadians at first grieved in their most childish. They re-



I had to admit that their 30 year journey on the climbing roller coaster of the growth cycle could ever plunge down more. Other countries — England, Japan, Italy, the rest of the United States — might be in trouble, but not Canada! It simply couldn't happen here! The prices of oil and products jumped up sharply. There were lots of cars at filling stations in the United States and Europe. There was talk of additional sales and even of returning to a means of reducing the wasteful use of motor fuel. There was even an idea to make kindly the slightest adjustment on Canadians. In their view, the idea that one should ever for any reason stop buying that gleaming symbol of the growth age, the large North American motorcar, was simply too preposterous for words! During 1974, for a while after the crash was well under way, and when every nation in Western Europe and America was facing battalions of unemployed men, Canadians set a record for domestic car sales.

There was at least some justification for their complacency. As Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his colleagues began repeating with increasing insistence, they were still richer than all the other peoples. Despite very high prices there was still plenty of food, including the extremely wonderful varieties of food from across the globe, and from across the globe, and Canada's own plentiful deposits of pure titanium that played the impact of the huge increase in the world price of oil.

In the short run, the satisfaction of the Canadians was justified, but in the long run, it was unexamined, for it led them into a serious miscalculation of the future. Many of the special advantages which made their self-confidence in 1973-74 were actually temporary. Canada was a trading nation, most of whose national income was derived from foreign trade, and any serious slump in world commerce would quickly reduce external sales. The United States, moreover, was the nation's best customer, and more than two thirds of Canadian exports, chiefly natural products, renewable and non-renewable, were consigned to the U.S. A depressed United States would certainly buy less of the basic staples than it had during the boom, but the drop in American demand was infinitely less serious than the rapid decline in the Canadian economy. In spite of Canada's luck in having suffered no hardship to the Americans for 30 basically prosperous years without a single thought for the future, the future had now arrived; but it took the energy crisis of 1973-74 to awaken the Canadians to its appalling significance. The depletion of the most easily accessible sources of their most lucrative, non-renewable fuels — petroleum and natural gas — had gone so far that their future abundance was probably in the least decade. Canada would sell less high-priced energy to the United States for the simple alarming reason that there would be much less to sell, and still less to export, after the government running itself too late from its criminal weakness and rash policy, attempted to use a part of the divest-

ing profits for Canadians. Never again would Canada's primary industries produce the astounding bonanzas of the growth age, its secondary industries which had come to largely under the ownership and control of multinational corporations in the United States, were still more closely united with American manufacturers through special arrangements such as the auto pact, and a depression south of the border was bound inevitably to travel north. Canada was like a spendthrift who had run through his own inheritance and had engaged himself as a permanently indebted servant to a very kind-up creditor.

What was the Canadian government to do? Had it any real options? Did it even know whether it ought to be fighting to reduce or depress? The tenets of Keynesian orthodoxy prescribed rigorous fiscal and monetary restraint during a boom, and deficit budgets, reduced taxation, heavy government expenditures and easy money for a slump. Theoretically these alternative courses of action were well known, but in the halting, contradictory state of affairs produced by 30 years of unparalleled growth there was really no choice at all. Except on one recent occasion, when the Trudeau government had nervously introduced some restrictions and hastily abandoned them at the first slight signs of increasing unemployment and popular disapproval, traditional economic restraint had never been seriously regarded as possible policies in Canada. In 30 years, the Canadian government had barely ever employed any but expansionary methods. Now with the country mired in an acknowledged recession, it was too late to put on the brakes. The only thing to do was to go on spending — and printing — money.

At the end of the Second World War two major oil fields in Canada were still open to the Canadian people. They could have opted for economic stability, economic independence, social security and modest advancement. They could have stopped or drastically limited the American ownership of their native industries. They could have retained ownership and control of their precious fuels, developed them slowly to suit their own needs and purposes, and ensured the comfort and convenience of themselves and their descendants for centuries to come. They did not do this, because of their design. Instead they allowed these non-renewable resources to fall into the hands of the big American multinational companies which exploited them rapidly with no other thought than their own enrichment and the satisfaction of a capitalist market grown voracious with industrial growth and affluence. Long. The tiny deposits still controlled by the independent independent oil field owners, they are very precious as because they will be difficult to extract. A very grim future awaits the elaborate urban civilization which has grown up in Canada during the past 30 years. Life will be much less easy and comfortable, and decidedly more costly, nothing now can long delay this inevitable approach to this change. ☐



WE CAN REVITALIZE THE ECONOMY—HERE'S HOW

Debunking the prophets of doom

BY J. L. RIDGELL

I am tired of being told that Canadians are helpless to do anything about our current economic plight. Almost every time I pick up a newspaper, turn on a television set or say hello to a neighbor, I am informed with one message or another that inflation is the underlying cause of all our problems and that there can be done about it. I believe this has in fact become a complete put-out situation in that the underlying cause of all this, it is only the symptoms, the result of deeper problems, we have refused to face up to.

The notion that we are helpless to act stems from the belief that our inflation is caused by the recent tremendous increase in the cost of Mid-East oil. Anyone can see that the rise in oil prices has had an inflationary impact, but anyone with a memory that goes back more than 18 months will recall that we were already in the grip of inflation long before the oil-shocking nations made their move. The oil price hikes compounded the problem, they did not create it. The fact is that in recent decades we have changed the structure of our economy so as to make it into an inflation-producing machine.

Not so long ago, the power base of Canada was rooted in a relatively small number of wealthy individuals and in the owners of a great many small businesses. The role of government was restricted, by and large, to providing services and creating an economic climate suitable to this power base. There were a number of economic checks and balances within the system — short of checks and balances provided by real competition in a free market economy — and these acted as a natural inflation check. There was no inflation because inflation was not inflation. For example, in that earlier simpler world, there were no giant unions to drive up the wage component of prices, and there were few corporations whose market control was so complete that they could simply pass on the higher wages by increasing their prices.

These were major problems with that earlier economic model — I am not casting it, merely examining it — but it had the advantage of considerable built-in financial stability. Now we live in a different world. Now the lever of power is in the hands of the managers of our large industrial corporations, the leaders of our giant labor unions and the bureaucrats who run our massive, interventionist national governments. Each of these three groups has a natural tendency to contribute to inflation and a natural inclination to blame the result on the other two.

Union leaders are at the head of making ever larger wage demands because of the dominance of the large multinational firms, there was an automatic check on the "market" available to unions. The company that gave away too much and saw an increase in its unit costs in comparison to its rivals would findered.

For unions the answer lay in industry-wide bargaining.

For companies it lay in demanding that the market as a whole act as a largely neutral force, the threat of competition. In other words, a union wins as it increases from a major corporation, the increase becomes automatic all across the industry. The company has little to lose by meeting the demand, it can simply raise its prices to cover the extra cost (and sometimes a little more, for its extra profit). Companies have no alternative but to pay the new inflated prices, and in doing so they in turn balance the books by demanding higher incomes of their own.

Effectively, the giant corporations and the giant unions have become locked in a great inflationary game, and with great inflationary government and consumer have joined the dance. Government joined in when it was encouraged to expand by ever rising expectations in everything from health services to consumer products. The universities in consumer goods — most of them printed on an statement of credit cards — have been treacherous.

So, inflation is not someone else's fault, it's our own. It has crept up on us, just as it has on other highly industrialized countries, primarily because of fundamental changes in our social, political and government structure.

My definition of an inflationary economy is one where prices are rising so rapidly that the purchasing power of our workers' incomes and our pensioners' savings is eroding to a degree that seriously affects their standards of living. We have been there for years, experiencing this situation in Canada.

Our response has been to fiddle with the money supply, push up interest rates and control the price increase of oil and gas. We took the first two steps because conventional economic wisdom suggested them; we took the third because as government could survive (it failed to meet) in a problem that squeezed its citizens so tightly and so drastically.

Controlling the price of oil and gas made good sense — and now it looks as if we are about to abandon it. Manipulating the money supply and pushing up interest rates made no sense at all. These measures spring from an old-fashioned and in my opinion misguided view of economic reality. They have succeeded only in driving up prices and driving down employment, as we all know better than bread of panic — fear of galloping inflation or fear of inept government.

The problems underlying inflation are not unique to Canada and neither are the conventional solutions. Most other countries have used the same remedies and had the same lack of success. They are different from other countries, however, and where we have an advantage, it is that we have a democratic government, an economy that is still relatively free and an ample supply of almost every essential natural resource. Many other lands may indeed be looking in the face of the world's economic storms, they are running out of resources.



In The Mood

Everyone's back together dancing cheek to cheek

By Marci McDonald

Photographs by Ken Bell

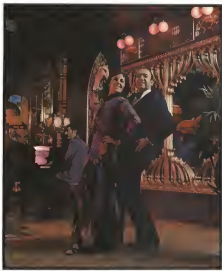


I always knew exactly how it would be. The dance floor darkened to a gossamer twilight, pale pools of light glancing you so off the sky of gold paper stars, shimmering off the magical centerpiece of a swirling mirrored ball as the loud bassline into Moonlight Serenade and the wail of a trumpet rang lush in the air. I would be standing there, not exactly on the sidelines, you understand, but watching all the same, probably in ice-blue chiffon, and he would come and lend me off and we would know by the perfect melting of our hips, dipping and whirling across the floor, that we would dance off together into one eternal happily-ever-after forever. Yes, that was my dream.

Of course, things never quite work out the way you planned them at 11 years old, waiting after school to watch Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire swoon and glide over waltz music, or Arthur Murray lead Karbene off into one last enchanted waltz each week across the TV screen. How could I have calculated then that I would grow up in a state remarkably short of a moonlight serenades and ice-blue chiffon, that the senior prom would be a posse joke and magic

would be expected to flourish while perking in a jungle beat in splendid isolation on twenty-pink-eyeball-dance floors?

But clearly now my time has come. Ballroom dancing is back — look dancing they're calling it — and suddenly everybody's doing it. From Halifax to Victoria, straight to gay from five to 75. All at once perfectly hip French flower children on the Riviera are belting through the che-cha and macarena to the beat of rock 'n' roll. Bajan's Da case is bending cheek-to-cheek to the new chic. Arthur Murray's is reporting a 300% leap in crowd-ness and the biggest campus trend of the year seems to be the comeback of the senior prom. Suddenly 16-year-olds who could barely be coaxed out of their jeans are putting person-ality over shoving wraps and one another of my acquaintance, his nearby found himself, imitating the successes of the jive to her daughter's high-school crowd who consider it de rigueur at Crossers' Ball. In the province of Quebec alone, there are at least 200,000 people taking lessons in tapping the lights fantastic, some of them barely out of baby booties, twirling through their first



singer in Toots Thielem's. In Winnipeg one night this winter, I washed a very pretty 23-year-old at a discotheque dance; a perfect number. And on another crowded dance floor three weeks later, a bright and very good-looking Nova Scotia engineering student suddenly confessed that he had been giving his university scholarship to take lessons at Arthur Murray ever since he got hooked at his first college prom. "I've come to feel the music comes out your feet," he says. "I just looked at me." In fact, it turns out that like Laura on *The Glass Menagerie*, there's a Paradise Ballroom just across the alley in almost everybody's basement. And some never have let go of the dream.

"My fantasy growing up in Vancouver was that I was going to be a gorgeous dancer and Fred Astaire would come and ask me," admits Canada's A.M. hostess Helen Hutchinson (see previous page). If not ever quite made it, but a Toronto ad executive named David Harrison did. The night they met he showed her in his neighborhood bar and shipped on his *Income Tax*. Arthur record. "We sort of turned to each other and said, 'Fred?' 'Ginger?'" she remembers. "And that's when we

knew our fancies married. We danced as if we'd rehearsed forever." They were married within the year, of course. And now, she says, "we regularly clear the floor."

Homer Ed Murray (a lover), Toronto's dance king, says he never had one for bedroom fantasies growing up. "I was too busy delivering groceries on my bicycle." But when a couple came for his son David's birthday, he took a few lessons at Arthur Murray's and somewhere along the way the magic must have got to him because that was 17 years ago, and today he has a doctored-of-madness and cops from ballroom competitions all over the continent and still takes lessons twice a week. To watch him come right in his walk-up studio swaying through the tango or paso doble is to see a man transformed: small, pear-shaped frame gliding with style and grace, all drama and accidental flourish, whirling his partner high in the air with a touch of Voltaire in the eye. "His tango is very sensual," says Murray Ed. "It's the dance of love." Some might be and his arms wide. Anna snuck off up to the tiny dance floor called Ed's Fully Close his next best companion and re-



dge in a little two-step of their own. It feels great," he says. "But of course I don't do lifts there. I don't mind having my number but I don't want to hurt my wife."

One man who doesn't worry over these moieties is Canadian ballroom dancing champion Frank Rogers of Montreal (above) who this year for the first time in history swept his wife and partner Nelly, off her feet and straight into the winner's spotlight at the U.S. Latin dance championships. "We eat, sleep and breathe dancing," he says. "Dancing is our whole life." They met three years ago at a corporation floor in New York where he caught sight of her in mid-samba and, after wheeling together over two continents, they are up housekeeping in the middle of a 34th-floor ballroom. Now they dance together 10 hours a day and travel the world demonstrating their fancy footwork. "And the odd hour after work, we still enjoy just interlocking around the floor for pleasure," he says. "There are times when you feel you're just floating on a cloud." They looked in too late most evening, and when he took her on his arms in 50 yards of sequined pink tulle

dropping marbles and in perfect unison they swept and prewailed under a clashing chandelier across the floor, they literally swept a crowd. On the sidelines you could feel the fringes on fold.

I climbed the stairs to Arthur Murray's to learn the secret the very next night. It wasn't quite what I had expected: bare floors and a stark wall of mirrors, a handful of glass from the pillbox streamer looped high here and there. But when they turned down the lights and put on the music, it was everything, and more. Underneath a party sky of blue balloons they whirled around and around, a 30-year-old named Don in Levi's holding 70-year-old Laura with the steel pin in her hip joint and let me tell you, if you half-closed your eyes it was Margie and Gower. Ginger and Fred right there in the room. Ed, the manager who had the aspect of a somewhat frayed, well-oiled salesman behind his dark shades, took my hand and beckoned me onto the floor. He placed his hand in the small of my back and led me off into a perfect do-wot. Step, step, glide, up that step. It wasn't all the fourth bar that I heard the trumpet blather. They were playing my song. ☺

1 st PRIZE	\$1 Million
2 nd PRIZE	\$1 Million
3 rd PRIZE	\$½ Million
4 th PRIZE	\$¼ Million
5 th PRIZE	\$200,000
6 th PRIZE	\$150,000
7 th PRIZE	\$125,000
8 th PRIZE	\$100,000
9 th PRIZE	\$ 75,000
0 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000
1 st PRIZE	\$ 50,000
2 nd PRIZE	\$ 50,000
3 rd PRIZE	\$ 50,000
4 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000

By W. GIFFORD-JONES, MD

her parents. Also, she was now starting to have heavy and long periods. In desperation, she consulted another doctor, who thought she had an infection of her left tube and advised an ovariectomy. Judy was tired of surgery by now so she asked if anything else could be done. And for the next three years she had a D and C to scrape her uterus each year in an attempt to control the bleeding. Finally, when she was 25, the bleeding had reached such a point that another operation was done and her left tube was removed. Once upon the surgery was

Only 26% of the doctors performing operations in U.S. hospitals are fully qualified surgeons. The rest are general practitioners who have drifted gradually into surgery without taking specialized training — which is the line separating Wilder and Orville Wright to pilot a jumbo jet to Peru. Self-trained surgeons also operate in Canada: 64% of all the operations for the removal of tonsils carried out in Ontario during 1970 were done by general practitioners.

A technically adept surgeon, one who has speculated in his field and studied under experts, has many things going for him and his patient. It takes less time to do the operation. This means less anesthesia, less blood loss, less chance of infection and less time for the patient on

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There are fashions in surgery

the operating table. Good technicians cause less damage to the tissues. And good hands are able to get out of trouble with less pain when the chips are down.

But we have a new breed of doctor that patients must understand, so we also have a new kind of surgery. People jump on the "numbers game" of surgery and conclude that the tremendous increase in the number of operations signifies that most surgeons have become la-fu-happy. They forget that the population increase accounts for part of the long operating lists. But the main point is that the surgery of the 1980s is not primarily performed to save lives, but to make lives more livable by removing troublesome annoyances. More women will not need to dash from clinics, a severely arthritic hip will not kill the patient, a kidney stone is an aural nuisance. Yet surgery can help the agonizing pain of passing a kidney stone and in many other conditions life can be made more pleasant.

"Surgery of relief" is made possible by improved surgical techniques, better anesthesia, blood transfusions and antibiotics. Surgeons can now tackle operations that a few decades ago were either impossible or likely to end in disaster. And most of them do an extremely capable job, often working long hours while the rest of the world sleeps.

But from time to time there is a tendency for "fashions" to develop in surgery. Tonsillectomy, the cutting out of infected tonsils, was once a far more popular operation than it is today, and whether it benefits enough to medical hazards is still a matter of debate within the medical profession. It would be interesting to discover why the number of tonsillectomies performed on children varies so much from country to country and even within the same country. For instance, the operation rate for each 10,000 children under the age of 15 is: 10,000 in Sweden is 17, in Liverpool, England, it is 26, in the New England States, 76, in Ontario, the rate is 280 and in British Columbia, 137.

Similarly, Canadians are five times as likely to have their gall bladder removed as are the English. This suggests that a peculiarity of the Canadian anatomy of — more likely — their sense of Canadiana warrants that this operation is more profitable than do their English counterparts.

Everyone will remember the tremendous worldwide enthusiasm that greeted the first heart transplant, and the disappointment that followed when this revolutionary operation seemed to fail to live up to its initial promise — not be-

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Women are more likely to suffer unnecessary surgery than men: they often become pelvic cripples from too many operations

cause of any inadequacy in the surgical technique but because science does not yet know enough about the mechanism by which the body "ignores" alien tissue. There is another area of human surgery it seems, in which some cardiovascular surgeons may be becoming too anxious to resort to the knife. About 25,000 coronary bypass operations are done in the U.S. every year. This operation replaces a blocked artery with a "graft" artery. It seems that the majority of the coronary arteries which supply the heart muscle with oxygen — by using one of the patient's own blood vessels to go around the obstruction. The theory is sound and its proponents claim the operation has saved thousands of lives.

But some medical critics say surgeons are playing the wrong kind of game here. They admit that the heart bypass is of great value in selected cases, but they argue that it's too dangerous to try until other measures have failed. Probably their most piercing indictment is that in some cases proven medical treatments are not used before the operation. Nitroglycerine has been used for years to expand the arteries of the heart, but new drugs are also less active, means that keep them dilated. Another drug, prazosin, aids in slowing down the heart, decreasing its need for oxygen. Also a program of weight reduction and giving up smoking can help to alter heart conditions. Surely, it would be wise to try these before submitting the patient to a more radical operation.

Patients with angina would be well advised to look at both sides of the game. The number of patients dying as a result of surgery in this operation is still high. In the best of centres it is about 5%. In hospitals where surgeons do only a few such operations a year it is higher. One doctor has estimated the possibility of a fatal dying in surgery at developing coronary illness is more than 50%. In short, it's still a risky game.

Frequently the patient's chance of being subject to radical surgery such as the coronary bypass without an adequate reason is less, especially in a university hospital at large clinics — and you should be skeptical about a doctor going a radical operation elsewhere. A properly equipped hospital always has a team committee, a jury of the surgeons, which is responsible to examine the performance. The committee compares the surgeon's diagnosis before the operation with the pathologist's report on the organs removed, so that a surgeon whose operations are often said not to have been unnecessary will soon be exposed.

But there are holes in the office reviews of all examinations, and adding to the committee. So it is always wise to get the facts, whether you face a major operation or a "minor" one. What will happen if you don't have it done? Will your condition get worse? Is it likely to turn to cancer? Or if you can put up with it for a while, is there a chance that it will go away?

The problem is that surgery, like a good many other things in this world, is often neither black nor white. "Grey area" surgery may or may not be questionable. Every surgeon wants to be "top billed" and it is a rare one who doesn't.



was the operating list every day to see what his colleagues are doing — or more correctly, what he is doing. This personal comparison doesn't usually result in any unnecessary operations, but it can result in too much "grey area" surgery.

Women are more likely to suffer an unnecessary surgery than men. Self-treated taxpayers in particular find the pelvic organs more accessible to them than men. In men this pelvic wall keeps their only the appendix in order with. Women with their ovaries, tubes and uterus, are much more exposed to "freakishnesses."

But too much unnecessary surgery makes a woman a pelvic cripple. Sometimes, the bested reason is the only one left by an operation, but often there are internal scars, and now and then large masses of adhesions form, joining tissues that are naturally separate and perhaps pulling internal organs into abnormal positions, with resultant pain and possibly more damaging complications.

The greater the number of operations the more the chance of scarring.

Of course, there are occasions when "surgery of relief" can rid you of a great deal of distress with a good chance of a cure. "Grey area" problems are those common today that they used to be. A century ago people used to die earlier, before they developed these troubles. Or they put up with them, since the surgical and anesthetic techniques to deal with them did not yet exist. Older patients are likely to be troubled by various pains, fallen shoulders, hemorroids, hernias or painful hips. These annoyances can be corrected, and they should be for their remaining leads to a better life.

But remember, before you are sold a needless risk, that the surgery once should be genuine and they should be a genuine chance of a cure. Don't fall victim to "surgery."

One patient repeatedly complained of a few small varicose veins on one leg. At each checkup she was assured they were of no practical significance and was advised to leave them alone. A couple of years went by without her doing anything. When she came back she was extremely distressed. Six months earlier she had found a surgeon who agreed that the varicose veins should be removed. After the veins were stripped, her leg became quite swollen and it had remained so. Now she was spending a good part of every day with it elevated. She was also suffering a good deal of discomfort from the swelling and pain. She now realized how little the leg had benefited her before the operation.

The trouble is you can't take an operation back once it's done. Generally speaking, with patients have one or more complaints. Healthy patients have none. Be on your guard if someone suggests an operation when, in fact as you know, you feel quite well. Make sure you get all the facts. Find out what's wrong, why you don't feel well, what will happen if you do nothing. Find out the worst risk of operation. It may be that a woman's K. St. has picked up a stone in the gall bladder and it should be removed before it causes trouble. A routine pelvic examination may detect a markedly enlarged thyroid gland, which almost surely goes to cause trouble. Patients who appear perfectly healthy can have problems like this, but it's important to know the why and wherefore.

The prudent taxpayer not only do a better informed job, they also know when not to operate. Good results and good surgeons go hand in hand. ☐

Striking shapes and silhouettes in Concrete



Early evening view of downtown Ottawa, with the Art Centre in the foreground and the Bell Tower in the background.



Spiral concrete shapes of Quebec's Experimental Centre. See Page 24.



Concrete profiles in Kensington Square, Montreal. R.B.

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The rapist often forces his victim to say she loves him and that she will go out with him afterward

three out on a handy victim. Almost half of the rapists *Amor* studied had a previous criminal record and more than half were either unemployed or underemployed. Debra Lewis, University of Toronto criminology student, points out that if you are angry, frustrated, humiliated and a cunt, you can often deflect your misery safely onto a woman. She's less likely to fight back than a man.

Other rapists *Amor* studied were employed at middle-class. The only theory that seems to explain their behavior is the psychological one: "Foley delusion." As one psychologist put it, "rapists show strong elements of misogyny and distrust toward the women they place in the position of sexual victims."

In 32% of the rapes studied, the victim and the rapist came from the same neighborhood and half the rapes occurred in a man's room at the victim's or the rapist's house or at a party or a bar. Chances are the rapist knows his victim and moves in the same social circles. Chances are the rape will take place at the end of a sexual encounter. This makes it easier for him to use his behavior as "accident" or "mistake" later.

That 75% of the rapes were planned demolishes the myth that rape is the impulsive act of a lonely who can't help himself. Night-line presents revealed the use at home and the same excessive degrees of violence occurred in group rapes, suggesting that group rapes perform for each other to prove how "manly" they really are. It seems that the overpowering and humiliation of another person is an important sexual experience with her, that the victim promises more than physical gratification for the rapist. Debra Lewis says it is power terms: "If you're a person who doesn't feel very powerful or important, you're going to have the same attitude toward your body. The more degraded you can make your victim feel, the more you feed your own need. There is a large frequency of the rapist demanding the woman will kiss him like the love he is, that she will go out with him after he's arrested in which he has perfect control at last."

So when a man rapes a woman, a lot more is going on than just non-consensual intercourse, more even than a "sexual power struggle," although that is certainly at the heart of it, as far as the victim is concerned. In the course of my research, it was pointed out some and again that rape is about violence and power. It is a measure of one social member that we group these things with sex.



Amor said: "Give me one good reason why you should live because I want to kill you." "I was terrified. I didn't want to die. I gave him what I considered to be a pretty good reason that I was a human being and had as much right to live as anybody else. He said that wasn't good enough. He put his hands around my neck and told me to come up with something else. He told me I had no right to be alive."

On the one hand, men are taught that women, being supposedly the softer and weaker sex, are in need of their gentlemanly protection, on the other hand, there are pervasive social messages in films, literature, music, television, that women are, in fact, weak, lascivious and

masochistic. The rapist, in a product of this gendered hostility toward femininity and the inseparability around femininity often makes what can be called the compromise of singing out certain kinds of women as rape victims. His mother and sister he'd defend to the death but that breed down the street in the night sweats who were to feed with his body in the gutter. Beauty still of who's race-white, unmarred, living on her own and working class. *Amor* wrote that rapists are "more apt to view certain females as appropriate victims and certain situations as appropriate of, even appropriate for, rape." This is not only because these women have low social status and therefore aren't "worth" a lot of effort, but also because horrible intercourse with them isn't even perceived as rape.

I thought about my parents and what a drag it was going to be for them when my body was found. I got really angry about hurting them. I said, 'Look, if you don't get off me, I'm going to kill you.' He looked at me and said, 'You're crazy, aren't you?' I was playing his game and it worked. He drove me back to the city as we were driving, he said he thought we could become good friends and he said he'd address these or four times. I think he was probably as scared as I was."

Although the police advise women not to resist an attack for fear of provoking even more violence, the Denver study shows that a woman can stop a rape (in the hands of a stranger) at will, one by refusing to be intimidated. "None of the rapes were ordered and coerced behavior from his victim." As women become more self-confident and aware of their own strength, the incidence of rape may begin to decrease: the Denver study pointed out that "measures of rape attempts" seemed higher on measures of dominance and assertibility... we were more self-asserting and had a greater sense of self-being [than those who did not resist].

And maybe fighting back is the only real deterrent there is. It is a pretty ob-



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Some lawyers worry that judges and juries don't treat rape seriously anymore

seems to overstate that our legal system is no different at all. It's estimated that only one third to one tenth of all rapes committed are reported to the police. Many women who do report attacks aren't even given a warning. They find the investigation by the police to be such a brutal process that they don't press charges.

The first thing the police detective said to me was, "What's the matter, didn't he give you enough money?" I couldn't believe it. We asked me if I had enjoyed it, he said I must have enjoyed it, look at the way I dress, I must be promiscuous. Then he told me that if I couldn't make this kind of questioning now, I wouldn't be able to take it later in a court. Did I really want to press charges?

So the percentage of cases actually brought to court is small and only a few of them actually result in convictions. In any case, the conviction that is finally obtained may not be for rape, but for a reduced charge of indecent assault. It is important to note that the charge of rape (which can be punished by a life sentence) applies only to forcible penetration of the vagina (less than 50% of the cases examined in the Denver study involved vaginal rape).

For the victim, any kind of assault and sexual harassment is horrible and destructive. But it seems that to juries and legislators, as well as to the community at large, it is an attack on the vagina, the sacred highway of marriage and maternity, that is the profound affront. Ontario Crown Attorney John Kerr says he has been involved in cases "in which the girl had been assaulted in a horrible manner but because no sexual vaginal intercourse took place, the sexual was liable only to a charge of indecent assault." Even though vaginal rape is obviously considered, in the eyes of the law, to be a most heinous crime, Sergeant Robert Lyne of the Toronto police says he hasn't heard of a rape in the last two years which hasn't occurred within 10 years. "The average is four to five. If he had never been in trouble before, and if he's going to be getting psychiatric help, sometimes he'll only get two to three. Sometimes it makes you wonder."

Kerr isn't encouraged by this trend to leniency among judges and juries. While no one is suggesting that we should go back to the old days and use a fury of vengeance to punish a rapist, or even whip him, Kerr worries that "with our changing standards of morality, maybe

juries aren't creating hope so seriously anymore."

We know that rape statistics are rising drastically throughout North America. In part, this is because greater numbers of women are actually willing to press charges. But there are more pervasive reasons. The so-called Sexual Revolution of the Sixties ("liberated" both men and women from the inhibiting restraints of a more puritanical sexual ethic), with the women's movement of the Seventies, with the publicized struggle of women for independent status, many of the protective, Victorian devices surrounding women were withdrawn. A woman who cannot on taking care of herself can no longer be a victim of male violence. It was only when a woman was seen as fully deliberate and helpless that male protection "instincts" toward her seemed viable. A woman on her own is her game.

What then is to be done? How do we make our legal system a real deterrent to rapists? How do we make it capable of protecting the civil rights of women without resorting to extreme "law and order" measures? The prosecution of rape charges might be made easier by legislating different degrees of rape carrying different maximum sentences. Police departments should establish units such as New York's Sex Crime Analysis Unit which is run by female detectives. The New York Unit handles receiving and processing all cases of rape and attempted rape also tries to reassure male officers in their attitudes to sex crimes. As of the writing, no police department in Canada has tried so far to open anything like it.

The legal profession has to realize that whatever the psychosexual immaturity between a man and a woman during a rape, the physical immaturity involved in the crime is a serious matter. Barbara Berisherman of Toronto's Rape Crisis Centre thinks that the way rape cases are handled now, particularly because of Section 142 of the Criminal Code (which requires a judge to instruct a jury that it is not safe to believe a woman on her word alone), are not giving juries preparation.

Obviously, there is no single remedy that is going to eradicate sexual assault on women. Legislative changes are required, as are "rape squads" in police departments. So are rape crisis centres and rap groups and pamphlets. But these kinds of changes only deal with the aftermath of a rape. If we want to stop rape, we have to figure out how to grow up as human beings. ☐

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Horizon Holidays is again operating an Arctic Adventure. This 14-day quality escorted tour takes you to Yellowknife, Inuvik and Tuktoyaktuk in the N.W.T. Then travel to Dawson City and Whitehorse in the Yukon. Follow the Gold Rush Trail to the Klondike, cruise the Inside Passage aboard CP's Princess Patricia. All sight-seeing and most meals included. Departures June 12 thru August 10, 1975. Cost per person, twin room, from Toronto \$1548, Edmonton/Vancouver \$1285.

Consolidated Tours will take you on a 7-day tour to Delta Island on which there's an abundance of wildlife for the amateurist, glacier for the geologist, ancient Eskimo sites for the archeologist and the sight of a walrus

for the photographer. Variations of this tour available. Departures June 13 thru September 5, 1975. Cost per person, from Montreal, from \$699.

Canadian National has a 7-day Golden North tour. You'll visit Yellowknife, Inuvik, Tuktoyaktuk and Sachs Harbour. Air fares, all accommodations, meals, transfers, guides, sight-seeing and charter trips included. Departures May 15 thru September 15, 1975. Cost per person, twin room, from Edmonton \$1525.

Butterfield and Robinson presents several offerings. They include a Mackenzie River Cruise — a 7-day luxury cruise through the N.W.T. on the historic and beautiful Mackenzie River. Sailing north- and southbound — air from June 11 and June 17 thru October, 1975, all-inclusive cost from Edmonton, from \$1265. Also, in the Yukon, a 10-day sailing voyage down the Teslin River, a true wilderness tour. Departures are July 23 and August 5.

Steam engine, Dawson City, Yukon



1975: all-inclusive cost from Whitehorse, from \$483.

Pacific Western Airlines offers an exciting 7-night tour on which you stay at Southern Hotel National Lodge, north of the Arctic Circle. Departures from Yellowknife June 12 thru July 31, 1975, at \$1225 per person, twin room, including meals.

WEST

Southern has a variety of good-value tours in the West including its 15-day Western Canada Wonderland holiday. You travel by air with your Seasonal success through Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan to Banff. Then travel by motor coach to Jasper, Vancouver, Victoria, Harrison Hot Springs, Kelowna and Lake Louise before returning home. Departures from Toronto June 15 thru September 7, 1975, and cost per person, twin room, a from \$699 which includes many extras. You can also take a Seasonal 1975 on Lake Whistler. The relaxing 8-day vacation departs June 7 thru September 20, 1975, and costs from \$377 per person, twin accommodations, from Toronto.

Pacific Western Airlines makes you a boatload holiday on the beautiful Shuswap Lake, B.C. Cost per person sharing double from \$235 includes completely equipped boat with 50 gallons of fuel plus transfers from Kelowna to lake. Departures May 10 thru October 4, 1975, from Kelowna.

Royal Glacier Tours has a 6-day Calgary to Edmonton tour departing June 23 thru September 8, 1975, at \$410.90 per person, twin, from Calgary and many other attractive offerings.

UTL Holiday Tours offers a good 9-day tour, The Alberta, on which you'll explore Calgary (plus the Stampede on July 3 and 12 departures), visit cattle heads of Southern Alberta, Watrous Lakes National Park, Fairmont Hot Springs, Lake Louise and Banff. Departures from Toronto, June 26 to August 23, 1975, from \$794 per person, twin. Then there's The West



Kwakwaka'wakw Village, a "Living Museum," northern British Columbia

western Tour and the chance to see Vancouver, Victoria, the Fraser Canyon, Kamloops, Mt. Robson, Jasper and Banff. You fly to Vancouver and take a scenic train ride home. Departures from Toronto, June 24 to August 30, 1975, from \$960 per person, twin share, plus your travel agent about \$75 "baggage" per person on Airline and G.T.C. during the periods March 1 - June 9, and September 13-November 15, 1975.

Canada Tour has a 21-day Canadian West Coast program, a motor coach tour on which you have time to explore the diverse countryside of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and enjoy many interesting stops en route. Departures are in June, July and August, 1975. The cost per person, twin rooms, from Toronto, London and Ottawa \$669.

Rocky Mountain Rail Tours is operating guided rail trips in the Rockies. There's an overnight whitewater trip in Kootenay National Park, departing out of Banff every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from July 1 to August 31, 1975, at \$110 per person.

Horizon Holidays offers air vacations of Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast tours. On each of these quality tours, you travel by air and/or train, stay at the best hotels and all sight-seeing and dinners are included in the price. A 15-day Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast tour takes you west on CP's scenic-dotted Canadian and returns you on CN's Super Continental. This grand tour of the great Canadian West includes best hotels, all sight-seeing and dinners at a cost from 1997 (\$ in upper berth) from Toronto or Montreal, or \$117 from Winnipeg. Departures May 31 thru September 20. Golden's Thrill at Laramie will have a 16-day quality Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast tour, departing May 17 thru September 20, 1975, from \$999 per person, twin (land only).

Manitoba has a Manitoba Farm Vacation on which you'll spend 6 nights on a farm and 2 nights in a Winnipeg hotel, plus you have intermediate stops en route for 7 days. Cost for adults sharing is from \$199, children \$63. You can also plan a Weekend at Folliesville for as little as \$90 per adult sharing and \$30 for a child sharing with parents. This holiday package includes 5 nights Winnipeg hotel, breakfast for 2 mornings, Folliesville passport and intermediate stops en route for 5 days.

The Saskatchewan Transportation Company offers a delightful Prairie to Pines tour departing Regina July 31, returning August 7, 1975. Travel by motor coach, 7 nights accommodations including night-sight of Bonanza Drive, Estevan, Riding Mountain National Park, and the historic Pelly-Century Mile, Saskatoon, North Battleford, Weyburn, Prince Albert and Pelly. (Price on request.)



Trailways Tours will have a 3-day Aspen/Garage vacation by motor coach, train and boat, featuring new "Chickadee" ferry ride across Georgian Bay. Departures July 12 thru October 30, 1975, costing \$99.50 per person, twin rooms, twin share, there's an 8-day Northern Ontario Adventure featuring Polar Bear Exports to Mooseau, canoe ride to Moose Factory Island, Thunder Bay harbor cruise, Agawa Canyon train excursion and more. Departures July 12 thru September 1, 1975, and costs \$250 per



Quebec Summer Festival, Place Royale

person, twin rooms. Your travel agent can also tell you about Trailways 3-day *Brave Frontier's & Mountain Island* tour, a 3-day *Ontario Tidy Festival* trip and an 8-day *Gaspé* escorted vacation. There are 4 departures to Gaspé July 5 thru October 4, 1975, costing per person, twin room, \$219. Most departures from Hamilton, Burlington, Oakville, Toronto, Brantford, Guelph and Kingston.

Canada Tour offers a 3-day trip to the *Ontario Tidy Festival*. There will be 4 departures in late May and cost per person, twin share, a \$79 from London or \$69 from Toronto and Ottawa. In addition Canada Tour will have 5-day *Montreal* and 3-day *Agawa Canyon* trips. Also, a *Gaspé* and *Saguenay River* tour will be available.

Canadian National has a 16-day (from Vancouver) and 11-day (from Winnipeg) *Ontario and Quebec* holiday. You'll enjoy life aboard your train as you travel through a large part of the vast country. Stops en route include accommodations. Daily departures May 15 thru September 30, 1975, at a cost per person sharing twin and hotel accommodations from Vancouver \$858, from Winnipeg \$385. You can also take a 7-day tour of *Quebec and Ontario* from Toronto. Daily departures May 15 thru September 30, 1975, at \$280 per person, twin rooms. CN also has a 7-day (from Toronto) and 5-day (from Montreal) tour of the *Great Peninsula*. Departures June 2 thru September 26, 1975, at \$395 per person sharing twin and hotel accommodations from Toronto, \$299 from Montreal.

Central presents a 7-day tour of *Picci* that includes all the points of interest in the Peace and Gaspé areas. Departures are every Sunday from Montreal and Quebec, June 6 thru Oc-

tober 5, 1975. Cost per person, twin \$300 (Gaspé) and breakfast and 3 Royal Camping Tour offers a 7-day *Ontario camping tour*. Traveling in a specially equipped motorhome and stopping at choice campsites, the cost per passenger including food July \$130. Departures are June 6 thru September, 1975, from Ottawa.

Horizon Holidays has an 11-day escorted *Quebec, Quebec City and Saguenay* motor coach tour. You'll travel by private motor coach, stay at first-class hotels and see many wonderful sights. Many meals and all sight-seeing included. Departures July 5 thru August 30, 1975, and the cost per person twin rooms, from Toronto \$597, from Montreal \$517.



UTL Holiday Tours will take you on a 14-day first-class escorted *Atlantic Adventure* tour on which you glimpse Montreal, enjoy the delights of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P.E.I., capped off with a visit to St. John's, Newfoundland and the surrounding coastal area. Departures June 28 thru August 24, from Toronto \$850 per person, twin room.

Bonanza is operating a 9-day fully escorted *Maritime Heritage Holiday* which includes the sights of P.E.I., Halifax, Peggy's Cove, Lunenburg and Cape Breton and the Annapolis Valley. All transportation, accommodations, baggage handling and tipping for one piece of luggage, (per meal, plus extras from Toronto. Departures June 28 thru August 30, 1975.

Trailways Tours has three out coast programs this summer: *Atlantic Canada* — a 14-day escorted tour by motor coach and boat featuring Quebec City and main attractions of New Brunswick, P.E.I., Nova Scotia — departing June 30 thru September 13, 1975, from \$386 per person, twin rooms; *Memories International* — a 14-day escorted tour by motor coach and boat including Montreal, Quebec City, P.E.I., Gaspé, Bonaventure Island, P.E.I., Nova Scotia — departing July 6 thru September 7, 1975, from \$410 per person, twin rooms; and a *Maritime and Gaspé* 16-day escorted tour, departing July 5 thru September 20, 1975, from \$449 per person, twin rooms. Three trains depart from Hamilton, Burlington,

Oakville, Toronto, Kingston and some other cities. Also six about *Trailways* 21-day *Newfoundland* tour, from \$399 per person, twin, departing July 4 thru September 10, 1975.

Tarry Nova Tours operates an 8-day tour of Newfoundland, departing July 13 and August 3, 1975, only out of St. John's. Breakfasts and accommodations included in price of \$310 per person, twin room.

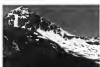
Horizon Holidays invites you to journey with them into the wild wilderness of Labrador, the unspoiled beauty of Newfoundland and to St. Pierre & Miquelon. This 13-day quality escorted tour by air, ferry and motor coach departs July 3 thru July 28, 1975, from Toronto at \$1166 or Montreal \$1025 per person, twin room. You can also join a trip to Montreal and leave at St. John's for \$1025. In addition, Horizon is offering a 14-day fully escorted tour, *The Maritimes Tour* departs June 21 thru September 8, 1975 and costs \$767 from Toronto, \$751 from Montreal and \$630 from Moncton/Charlottetown. And if you want to visit only Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and P.E.I., Horizon has a 9-day escorted tour by air and private



Men wearing 16th-century-style costumes bring life to the Fortwest of Lunenburg, N.S.

motor coach, departing June 21 thru September 6, 1975. The cost per person, twin room, from Toronto \$579, from Montreal \$514 or Halifax \$441. Be sure to ask your travel agent to tell you more about *Explore Canada '78* tours.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

Whether you enter British Columbia by rail, bus, or by plane, you'll agree this is one incredibly beautiful province. For example, Vancouver, one of the most picturesque cities in the world, provides so many contrasts in sights, sounds and things to do that you could spend your entire vacation right here. Can you rightly imagine a driving metropolis, snow-capped mountain peaks even in July and miles of clean, sandy beaches, all on the shores of the glorious Pacific Ocean?

Within minutes of modern hotels, shops and restaurants, Stanley Park affords 1,000 acres of recreational facilities. There are 22 miles of walking trails and 31 miles of winding roads, beaches, gardens, soccer fields, picnic grounds, a zoo and one of the world's best aquariums.

Realist beauty seems to be everywhere, especially in Queen Elizabeth Park just 15 minutes from the city center. Here you can visit the Tropical Botanical Conservatory and stroll around landscaped wooden gardens or along the boardwalk with its attractive hanging flower pots. This is a good place to get a breathtaking panorama of the city and Vancouver Island. Then, for another, take an exciting 30-minute nearly 4,000 feet to the top of Grouse Mountain again minutes from downtown. The city's Chinatown is the second largest in North America. And Gastown, a unique, restored 19th-century shantytown, offers some of the most talked about restaurants, pub pubs, art galleries antique shops and boutiques.

Vancouver's newest attraction comes in the form of a natural 1930's train locomotive, the Royal Hudson 2840. Dubbed the "Squamish Churnin'bull," the train takes you on a nostalgic day-journey into the past and some of the greatest scenery from North Vancouver to Squamish. The entire family will enjoy this outing, but its overwhelming popularity has intense suggests you should purchase tickets at the Vancouver Bus Depot on your arrival.

Once you've exhausted yourself in Vancouver, you have your number of routes to travel in British Columbia. The instantly fiery trip, through long reaches of water dotted by the beautiful Gulf Islands to Victoria, could be one way to start your mood. Perhaps



Setting sail in Vancouver Harbour.

you'll arrive just in time for the traditional 4 o'clock tea taken in the lobby of the venerable Empress Hotel. Then stroll along Government Street to the Tador-style shops in which you can purchase Irish linen, Scottish wools, English china, Scandinavian cookery and novelties such as the tea caddy.

If you're not touring the city on board a double-deck English bus, visit Thunderbird Park, alongside the Empress Hotel, and witness a notable collection of antique cars and British carriages actually carrying the handsome guests. To the right of the park sits Heritage Court, the striking Provincial Museum-Archives complex. And situated 15 miles from Victoria, the world-famous Butchart Gardens is a mosaic of shrubs, flower beds, ponds and walkways, has welcomed sightseers for over a half a century.

Parks, secluded beaches, elegant private homes and public houses are all part of Vancouver Island. The incredibly beautiful coastline at Cape Scott, on the southwestern tip of the Island, has now become the end of the trail and the goal of serious bikers and outdoorsmen.

If you've already decided to spend your entire vacation on the mainland, you should follow the Trans-Canada Highway and Yellowhead route northwesterly to the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, 12,972-foot Mt. Robson. Without doubt, this is one of the most awesome sights in all British Columbia. Moreover, en route, you pass through the moon-molded and frigidly Okanagan and Similkameen Val-

leys the old gold mining towns of Cache Creek and the bustling city of Kamloops, nestled among rolling hills and sparkling lakes. You witness great contrasts of scenery: desert and sagebrush, forests and meadows, mountains and glaciers. And there's always a choice: outposts or first-class hotels at which to spend the night.

unquestionably, the highlight of your trip will be your journey through the mighty Fraser Canyon. Make certain you hold tight as you follow the road dropping off precipitously to the thundering Fraser River below. And, you should stop to ride the Hell's Gate Airstren down 500 feet for a close-up look at the turbulent river pounding its way toward the sea.

For those seeking an alpine route out of Vancouver, arrange to ride the wondrous Inland Passage, from Ketchikan on Vancouver Island, to Prince Rupert, neither particularly beautiful setting at the northwestern corner of the province. As you travel the Yellowhead route, through lawnsome logging communities to Prince George, turn off the road to the authentic Gitksan Indian Village, Kims, just before you come to New Hazelton. Guides will help you tear four of an occasional beaver on the way.

Maybe you'll find time to soak up some dramatic mountain scenery in the compressed and fertile park adjoining Kootenay. Or, as you continue in the direction of New Hazelton, you'll stop at the Pioneer Home Museum housing a sizeable personal collection of antique and modern items. One thing's certain, you'll want to visit the province again. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write the Department of Travel Industry, 1015 W. Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 1X6.

Enjoying a shoreline at a typical Gastown waterfront cafe.



British Columbia.

This is just a sample of what's waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. A typical West Coast sunset (honest) over Vancouver's skyline. 2. Long Beach, Vancouver Island—11 sandy miles along the Pacific Ocean. 3. A pack train crossing a sky-high meadow in the Rockies. 4. Vancouver's Gastown, the cobblestoned heart of a big new city.



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For a lot more pictures and information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1015 W. Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 1X2. Or see your local travel agent.

ALTA

A cowboy grins as he hops onto a bucking Bronco bull. A bronco buster is in the saddle for the first leap from the narrow chute into the dusty ring. There are only two distinct events repeated each afternoon at the Calgary Stampede, July 3 to 12. In the evening, singing showboaters raise a spectacular production of song and dance at the Grandstand, capped off



Bronco riding is just one of many thrilling rodeo events at the Calgary Stampede.

with a dazzling fireworks display.

For the duration of the Stampede, the grounds also become the site of an actual Indian Village in which 100 representatives of Indian tribes make their homes. You can experience Indian life up close and witness ceremonial dances hundreds of years old.

Moreover, visitors to Calgary will enjoy many other major attractions this year as you help celebrate this city's Centennial. To name, the Stampede will be the high point of the year-long celebrations, but football addicts may debate the Grey Cup festivities and

gymnastics, November 19 to 23, will top them all. While you're in the city, explore delightful Heritage Park and visit the Heisenberg Hall of Fame.

You probably glimpsed the Rockies from the top of the Calgary Tower. Now you're getting a close-up look at these magnificent walls of rock rising around you as you approach Banff National Park, just a 90-minute drive away. The picturesque town of Banff is a flurry of activity as visitors browse in leather souvenir shops, stopping for lunch or dinner at a truck bar or good restaurant. Next, take your first cable-car ride at Sulphur Mountain or Mt. Norquay and get an unforgettable view of spectacular mountain scenery. Then continue on to beautiful Lake Louise.

Like Banff, Jasper is a conveniently located center in the national park, catering to visitors who prefer modern accommodations and facilities rather than a camper's life. In Jasper National Park, the mountains seem more rugged here than the best and at Maligne Lake, Spirit Island appears the ultimate example of a spellbinding setting.

If you're in the mood to sample city life, Edmonton's in the mood to treat you. Both Calgary and Edmonton are casually expatriating building booms with the latter taking a slight edge. Accommodations, restaurants, nightspots and shops are as close as those in Canada's other sophisticated cities.

July 16 marks the arrival of Edmonton's Kinsella Days and two days of merry-making. Edmontonians and visitors dress in brightly colored Garbier costumes to help celebrate the event. A two-hour parade kicks off the party. Then it's a continuous whirl of entertainment — on the streets, at the Exposition Grounds and in the nightclubs. While you're in town, visit the Provincial Museum and Archives and Fort Edmonton, an authentic hand-built replica of the original fort. Just 18 miles east of Edmonton, the Alberta Game Farm draws more attention each year as an unusual zoological attraction where thousands of animals roam freely in compounds, some of which are rare and valuable specimens.

Norfolk of the city, Fort Saskatchewan will be the scene of additional centennial events. In mid-June, the official opening of the Fort Saskatchewan

Historic Site will take place. The site presents an interesting collection of buildings and artifacts to depict the town of 190 years ago.

Should you begin your holiday in Edmonton and continue on to Calgary, go via Drumheller where you'll see hoodoos, natural columns of rock in fantastic forms, created by massive glacial action eons of years ago. The viewpoint at Horseshoe Canyon reveals small clay hills, unusual stratified trees and the sand and in the valley below.

You'll encounter Alberta's startling contrasts of scenery in any number of directions, whether you travel by rail, air or bus. Cypress Hills Provincial Park tucked away in the southeastern corner of the province appears to be some flick of nature. Rising out of the prairie to an altitude of over 4,000 feet, even higher than Banff, this largest provincial park in Alberta is certainly one of the most beautiful.

Notified is the other corner of Alberta, you'll find one of the country's better historic sites, Fort Macleod. It was here, 100 years ago, the North-West Mounted Police arrived to open up the West and play an important role in the history of the province. Today, a stylized version of the first NWMP outpost in Western Canada incorporates a museum housing artifacts of early police equipment and pioneer home furnishings.

A little farther southwest, you reach Waterton Lakes National Park which can easily be with parts of Banff when it comes to magnificent scenery.

Which area you visit in Alberta depends on what you want to do and the time of year you plan to go, but the fascination never ends. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Travel Alberta, 10255 — 164 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 1B1.

Alberta's own Banffside



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SASKATCHEWAN

Whether you unwind in one of Saskatchewan's 14 provincial parks or the fourth largest of Canada's national parks, the secret is an total vacation experience. The surroundings of the parks are as diverse as the facilities, and if you follow the Explorer's Highway to Prince Albert National Park, you can stop at three interesting historic sites along the way.

You first come to Battleford National Historic Park in which the church and cemetery, including a small graveyard with actual graves of Métis killed in the Battle of Battleford, are all that remain today of the Redoubt rebellion of 1885. A visit here is well worthwhile just to hear the guide so convincingly deliver the story as you pass the interpretive yet absorbing exhibits in the small museum in the history.

Once back on the highway, carry on to Duck Lake — as typical of prairie towns building off the main road but then except for the grain elevator, colorful houses visible for miles. Next, drive carefully on one of Saskatchewan's many grid roads, for a short distance, to what was originally a motion picture location and is now a national historic park, a re-creation of the town of Duck Lake as it was in 1905.

In the same vicinity, you can visit Fort Carlton, an elaborate reconstruction of the palisade, Hudson's Bay store, NCO's quarters, a guardhouse and a museum in which you'll learn the fascinating history of Fort Carlton. Then, continuing your journey, you gaze at the almost unexpected beauty of the prairie. The fields of crops appear to be brilliantly colored carpets — of light blue or white.

Paddle-wheeler on Lake Wapiti



Indian in winter garb

flax, bright yellow ripened, mustard, barley and wheat.

Soon you're approaching a different kind of terrain, one of forests, crystal-clear lakes and open parkland. This is Prince Albert National Park where you'll enjoy a game of golf, hike through wilderness to Grey Gull's cove on Lake Agassiz, or take a motor cruise on a paddle-wheeler. At Wapiti, however, there's every recreational facility you could want.

To the adventurous outdoors, the mighty Churchill River Spring runout is a challenge as it was to voyagers 200 years ago. Experienced canoeing outdoors who know your needs will make all the necessary arrangements for any one of some 40 different canoe trips. And fly-fish fishing comes in Saskatchewan's rugged northland are said to be among the best in the world with the average Walleye catch of three to four pounds and numerous Northern pike the scale is seven of 10 pounds.

However, if you're now ready for some city life, head back to a life to visually stimulate and develop Saskatchewan. A tour of the superb Western Development Museum highlights my visit to this city. For those who visit the museum, one of the most substantially reconstructed, indoor pioneer villages in Canada, you'll remember this unique experience. Aside from the pioneer village, there are two huge display areas containing the largest collection of antique cars and early farm machinery and equipment, in perfect running order, in Western Canada.

Plan to arrive in Regina in time to help celebrate Buffalo Days. The entertaining event officially gets underway on Mile-O-Bone Sunday, July 27, at which time you attend Western Canada's largest outdoor picnic. Since Wascana Centre is the locale of Mile-O-Bone Sunday, take the opportunity to explore this well-planned complex of government, educational and cultural buildings covering some 2,000 acres of parkland actually in the city core.

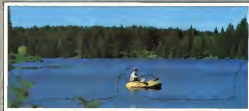
Everyone knows Regina and the original home of the RCMP are synonymous. The excellent new museum bearing exhibits which portray the exciting history of the RCMP serves only as a pleasant reminder. And if you're lucky, you'll still catch the Stampede Convention and Drill Parade at the RCMP Depot Division during the summer months. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Department of Tourism & Renewable Resources, P.O. Box 7105, Regina, Saskatchewan S4S 0B5.

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Saskatchewan



MANITOBA

If you're looking for a holiday destination and you love the outdoors, the bright lights of a modern skyline and a lot of festivals to attend anytime of year, Manitoba is just what you need.

For the vast wilderness of more than 250,000 square miles containing over 100,000 sparkling, sun-drenched lakes, you can follow every conceivable open-air pursuit. Accommodations range from fly-in camps in the rugged and rocky north, offering superb fishing to modern resort towns with easy driving distance to Manitoba's capital city, Winnipeg.

Of all the provincial parks, the Whiteshell is the largest haunt of its kind. The park, some 90 miles east of Winnipeg, boasts a dozen rivers, 250 lakes and every recreational opportunity imaginable. Campers can choose from many excellent sites for tenting and touring throughout the Whiteshell, some of which are fully serviced summer villages just walking distance of a modern shopping center. As the park's Palace Lake, you'll find a complete resort town with hotel and motel accommodations and campgrounds.

Approximately three hours by car

A fishing complex provides pleasure for the entire family.



from Winnipeg, Riding Mountain National Park greatly rises from the gold-carpeted prairie to a lush green escarpment, affording endless panoramas, but a dramatically different surroundings. Here is the densely forested northwestern section of Manitoba, secluded areas can only be reached by boat or on foot. Along with this, modern guest lodges offer the perfect outdoor retreat.

If you stay in the park when the Ultronics Festival takes place in Dauphin, July 31 to August 3, don't pass up the opportunity to leave your vacation headquarters and go to this event. All the surreal of Ultronics, you know that you are welcome to one of the best outdoor-music happenings today. There are interesting exhibits, cultural events and many kinds of which you can buy Ukrainian crafts including hand-decorated Easter eggs in intricate patterns and designs. Here the variety and contrast of the province is best portrayed as dancers and to lively music against a backdrop of towering grain elevators.

Visit Gimli during August 2 to 4 and get caught up in the old-world atmosphere of a community which boasts more people of Icelandic descent than any other in the world, outside of Iceland. The festival program includes such elements as a fish derby, fishing derby, parade, jumping contests, sports car races, folk art variety shows and evening dances.

At present, no city in the world has more Manitoba citizens than Winnipeg. Saskatchewan's Pioneer Days, August 1 to 4, presents a wonderful opportunity to get a firsthand look at a completely reconstructed village characteristics of Manitoba communities in Manitoba in the 1870s and 80s.

If you plan a fall visit to the province, some 200 ranches, enterprises, concerts and yodlers, many flown directly from Germany, delight visitors at the annual Oktoberfest, Winnipeg Arena, early October. However, Oktoberfest doesn't have to be a reason for visiting Winnipeg. These days, Winnipeg competes with Canada's other big cities when it comes to first-class accommodations, fine restaurants, better shops and a multitude of activities.

As you stroll along the wide-spread city streets, you'll come to Central

Centre, a \$45-million cultural complex, comprising an excellent planetarium, one of the best concert halls in Canada both acoustically and architecturally, an elegant theater center and a well-presented Museum of Man and Nature. Just a few blocks away, the futuristic Winnipeg Art Gallery houses fascinating collections of traditional and contemporary Canadian, American and European art — including the Treasury collection of Eskimo art, said to be the finest of its kind in the world.

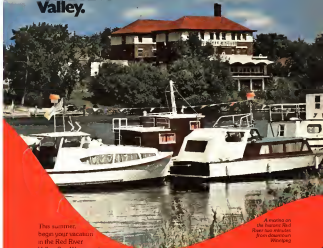
All first-time visitors should cruise Lake Winnipeg aboard the M.S. Lord Selkirk II. Leaving the docks at Selkirk, your ship slips quietly past the wilderness maze of the Netley Marshes, makes a dramatic entrance to Lake Winnipeg and stops at several interesting ports during its southern cruise. You can also take a short day cruise on a riverboat out of Winnipeg to Selkirk to see the only some form of the fur trade on still intact in North America, Lower Fort Garry.

If you plan your holiday to include the week of August 10 to 16, join in the Fiddlersena celebration in which some 50 ethnic groups display their cultures, costumes, crafts and food, in more than 30 pavilions throughout Winnipeg. It's a good way to start or end your visit to Manitoba. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Manitoba Government Travel, 250 Vagabond Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0P6.

Party girl in colorful costume dances to lively music at the Ukrainian Festival in Dauphin.



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For more information, write to: Manitoba Department of Tourism, 250 Vagabond Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 0P6. Tel: 222-1111.

ONTARIO



Ontario Place, a shopping area.

You'll soon be able to view Ontario's capital city, Toronto, from an observation level just 703 feet from the top of the tallest free-standing structure on earth, the 1,005-foot-high CN Tower. In the impressive setting below, city-

scape's people with each other for skyline space. The soaring twin towers of City Hall, an overwhelmingly imaginative piece of civic design, protects Henry Moore's monumental bronze sculptures. The Art Gallery of Ontario is what you'll observe, among other treasures, the largest collection of Henry Moore's work in the world.

In the northwestern section of the city, you'll find the fantastic \$30-million Ontario Science Centre, where you don't just look — you touch. Learn, operate and make things happen — like simulate a space landing, challenge a computer or see a laser beam burn through brick. Then farther east, you come to Matt's new 118-acre zoo. As if housing nature reserves of the world, visitors see as many as 400 species of mammals, birds, fish, reptiles and amphibians in surroundings designed to resemble their natural habitat.

If you plan to arrive around the middle of August, you'll be just in time

for the Canadian National Exhibition. Offshoots from Exhibition Park, from May to October, feature Ontario Place's spectacular visitors in the Cup-shaped, once high-spirited restaurants, a park, picnic grounds and the Children's Village. At the Forum, an open-air amphitheater that holds 1,000 people, entertainment rises from symphony concerts to rock shows.

Ontario's Niagara Falls receives more visitors than any other scenic attraction in North America. The Horseshoe Falls, an awesome elevated sheet of water 166 feet high and 3,400 feet wide, plunges like an avalanche to the cavernous basins below. In addition, Mamelled and Goat Falls offer 75 acres of total family enjoyment. Nearby Niagara-on-the-Lake, now officially known as Niagara, beautifully re-creates Canada's past. Today, Niagara has been carefully restored into a charming town of colonial houses and shops, well-kept gardens, farms and manor houses. This is also the home of the Canadian Music Theatre and the Shaw Festival each summer.

Drive west until you come to London, an abundantly scenic city with quiet streets and winding rivers. Tots love London's Storybook Gardens, a thoroughly pleasant setting on the banks of the Thames River in Springbank Park.

From London, travel northwesterly

to Stratford, home of the beautifully contained and magnificently acted and staged Stratford Festival. "Now stand you on the top of happy hours," so said William Shakespeare, and so you will on the picturesque banks of the Avon.

Coming back to Toronto, on Saturday mornings, you'll catch the famous Farmers' Market in Kitchener. Then further on, westward to Rockton for a visit to the Algonquin Park Safari.

Don't bypass Hamilton, for this city has the Canadian Football Hall of Fame, a superbly designed art centre — Hamilton Place, a new City Hall and a contemporary shopping mall, all of which are part of a huge, sprawling Civic Centre. Hamilton is also the home of Sir Allan MacNab's splendid Dundas Castle, now fully restored to the time of his residence and the Royal Botanical Gardens, 1,900 acres of forest trails and formal gardens.

From Hamilton, head north to the wide-open spaces of the Hurons, Muskoka and Algonquin regions.

At Peterborough, explore an impressive restoration of the Royal Naval and Military Establishment as they appeared during the period 1814-1815. Then almost across the corner at 14th level, you can visit three of Ontario's top attractions: the Martyr's Shrine, Sainte-Marie among the Hurons and

the Wye Marsh Wildlife Centre.

Carry on through the heartland of glorious Muskoka's renowned all-season vacation region. Should you consider to stay at a complete holiday resort, you'll pass away in town. Or on the outskirts of the park, you can arrange an intriguing evening trip at Algonquin Quarters. Once in the park, you'll journey through miles of forests, Canadian lakes and streams.

Continue southwesterly to Canada's capital city, Ottawa, seducing because it includes the charm and contrast of the French and English-speaking peoples of Canada. In the spring, 600,000 daffodils, half-a-million crocuses and three million tulips burst into bloom. And throughout the summer there's the cultural Changing of the Guard on Parliament Hill.

Ottawa has clusters of albedo to cruise, the awesome Agnes Canyon and a popular trout river to the Agnes wilderness. It's a special place for those who visit and to those who live here. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Ministry of Industry & Tourism, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario M7A 1T3.

QUEBEC

You really need a couple of months, or more, to fully enjoy Québec and its "chapeauté." However, try to decide which part you want to visit before leaving home so that you can fill up length of vacation.

Montréal's grand reach attention as the site of Expo '87. Today, its permanent sequel, Man and His World, continues to lure thousands with many interesting exhibits, five restaurants and wide array of amusements. Moreover, Canada's largest city is again preparing to be the focus of attention as the location of the Olympics in 1976.

At ground level, Montréal is filled with gaiety and laughter as people stroll the streets, stopping at a sidewalk café, roadside art exhibits, good restaurants and cabarets. However, when you're anywhere in Québec, it's impossible to select the best restaurant in this food-conscious province. Montréal also has a full sophisticated city in which you

can wander in an air-conditioned comfort, through tunnels housing luxury hotels, restaurants, boutiques, cinemas, train and subway stations and office buildings.

In historic Vieux Montréal, you watch many cooks and craftsmen of narrow streets, exploring restored old buildings, squares, monuments and the magnificent Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, the oldest (1512) church still standing in the city.

To escape city life, within minutes of downtown Montréal, you reach the beginning of the Laurentian mountains. Over 120 resorts are located in this most attractive year-round vacationland. Or perhaps, you'd prefer to follow the north shore of the picturesque Saint-Laurent to the capital city, Québec, passing through Trois-Rivières — the world's largest newspaper centre. En route to Québec stay at the widely renowned Hotel de Saint-Anne or the Banquet Case.

After many turbulent years of Canadian history, Québec City and its walled city, Old Québec, is a symbol of heritage. You can see a few skyscrapers, but the old historic section of Québec still remains North America's only walled city. A second attraction, the recently restored Place Royale, offers the greatest concentration of 17th and 18th-century buildings in North America.

Be sure to roam around La Citadelle, a magnificent star-shaped fortress situated high on a cliff overlooking the Saint-Laurent. With bastions, ancient guns, barracks and the museum, with objects dating back to the French period, will engage you for hours.

Deeking over the bridge and continuing north along the north shore, you get a wonderful view of the Old Québec and spectacular Montserrat Falls across the river. Take a pause in the village of 14th level because there's an interesting Maritime Museum. About 64 miles farther on, you arrive at Saint-Jean-Port-Joli where wood sculpture boutiques offer the greatest concentration of handicrafts in Québec province.

Once you reach Rivière-du-Loup, either take the ferry to 80-kilometre on the north side of the Saint-Laurent, or travel up to the northern tip of the Gaspé Peninsula to the charming communities of Gaspé and Percé.



Craving on the Saguenay River.

If you cross the river, you'll encounter forested mountains and the sceneries of beautiful Saguenay fjord carved through the very heart of Laurentian Park. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Québec Department of Tourism, Parks and Games, 150 St-Jacques St-Cyrille, Québec, P.Q.



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NB

NEW BRUNSWICK

For those who don't know where to vacation the year, New Brunswick could well be the answer. Take Muskegon Provincial Park, profitably designated a "Super Park." Squared on the outskirts of Fredericton, this park-sized resort land spans every recreational facility and activity one could want. For a moderate fee, campers can choose a site from 300, paddlers find space for 1,000, and golfers challenge an 18-hole championship course.

Some 20 miles above Muskegon on the Trans-Canada Highway, you come to Kings Landing. Here, nestled in a cove, built on 300 acres of picturesque St. John Valley land, Kings Landing recreates a St. John River community of the 1790s to 1870s, complete with farmhouses, tools, clothing, streets and crops.

Stroll around the capital city, Fredericton—so quaintly beautiful with its tall trees, gardens and the expensive St.

John River reflecting the entire scene. There's the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and in the Legislative Library, you'll find a copy of William the Conqueror's Domesday Book. And while you're here, stay for an evening performance at the Playhouse, one of the few places in the country where you can enjoy professional live theatre throughout the summer months.

A regally beautiful archipelago, easily accessible by ferry, lies off the south coast. New Brunswick's Fundy Isles: Deer, Grand Miram and Capobello afford some enviable scenery and an informal identity, perfect for getting away from it all.

On the mainland, spend some time in St. Andrews By the Sea, a delightful setting of winding country roads, scattered oaks and bays and the stately Alexander Hotel. St. Andrews golf course is one of the best. Annapolis, canoe, ship chandlers and quaint

shops sell excellent souvenirs at reasonable prices. In addition, there's one of five blockhouses built in the St. Andrews area during the War of 1812, which has been restored and declared a national historic site.

The city of Saint John's tourist population swells each year with the advent of Loyalist Days, a gusto-filled, five-day event. During the first, the entire city re-creates the atmosphere of the 18th century, beginning with the reenactment of the landing of the Loyalists at Market Slip. Should you happen to miss the celebration, take a Loyalist Walking Tour of the city on which you'll visit such places as Barrington's Central Store, an authentically restored old country store complete with attendants in period dress, and Loyalist House which was built in 1817 and has since been carefully refurbished to retain the authentic flavor of the home as it was in that point of time. And be sure to see the Kewpie Falls Rapids, one of several unusual phenomena created by the powerful Bay of Fundy tides, the highest in the world.

You come to Fundy National Park as route to Moncton. Camping and trekking enthusiasts will find this park difficult to beat when it comes to breathtaking scenery and every avail-

able recreational experience—including models for those who wish more conventional accommodations. Moreover, if you're in the mood for some fun, participate in a day course at the park's New Brunswick School of Canoe. You'll not only make your own canoe, but it's a good way to meet others visiting the park.

From here, continue on for a close-up look at the amazing Redoubt at Hopedale Cape. Carved by the tides, uniquely shaped red dunebanks with flowers and trees growing from the tops captivate many a photographer.

Progressive Moncton is where you'll witness the famous Tidal Bore, another phenomenon of the Fundy tides. For the curious, there's Magdalen Hill where your car actually climbs uphill without power. And if all these mind-boggling attractions are too much to conceive, there's always Stediac's fabulous beach just 17 miles away on which to laze or catch the annual Lobster Festival. Or Fort Beauséjour, a national historic park located in Acadia, depicts through land and military relics the history of the surrounding area. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Tourism New Brunswick, P.O. Box 1030, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 3C1.

PEI

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

From spring through fall, Prince Edward Island has an abundance of sun-drenched beaches, sparkling 70-degree waters and a variety of attractions and activities. In addition, safaris and car ferries provide frequent service to the island from major mainland cities.

With the support only minutes from the heart of Charlottetown, many vacationers begin their visit at Province House, the birthplace of Confederation in 1864. Adjacent to Province House, the 50-million Confederation Centre of the Arts reaches for another Summer Festival of brilliant Canadian musical theatre featuring the renowned comedy musical "Anne of Green Gables."

In P.E.I., accommodations range from farm vacations, rustic homes, cottages, hotels and resorts to luxury resorts. However, for many holidaygoers, their main objective is finding a place to pick a tent or book up a trailer. And when you've got an outdoor park

as does P.E.I. that follows the coastline for 25 miles, your problems are solved. Moreover, provincial and privately operated parks are nearby whenever you travel on the island.

A unique vacation experience everyone can enjoy is a farm vacation. You can live with a farm family, enjoy heavy home-cooked meals, load a hayrack with the choicest and maybe even milk a cow!

Mention the outdoor activity you prefer and you'll find it. The beaches are filled with fishing boats, many of them equipped to take you deep-sea fishing or just sightseeing in and out of the rainy days and even. You can book up with a guest house, an 1850-pounder for example. Sailors glide their own craft out of one of three yacht clubs; horse racing fans place their bets at the vast racetrack at Summerside or Charlottetown; and golfers have a choice of playing any one of seven



Add a dash of salt to your summer

Come East. To where the ocean breezes play along glistening beaches. Where Fundy tides sculpt the rugged seacoast. Where the red sands shine in the sun. It's all here, in the Maritimes, the place where Canada was born. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island offer you a rare chance to discover your heritage. And don't be surprised if you linger a little longer than you planned. Not just because there's so much to see and do, but mainly because you feel so very welcome. And so you are.

THE MARITIMES

It's all here and the sea beside

For your Maritime vacation, write to: The Maritimes, P.O. Box 940, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

challenging 18 hole courses. One of the most popular golf courses is The Links or "Green Gables," located near Cavendish. This is the setting used by Lucy Maud Montgomery for her "Anne of Green Gables," and her farm house at the farm has been restored to a museum which visitors can tour.

To see all of Prince Edward Island's sights, travel the three scenic coastal drives. Along the Blue Horse route, you come to the weathered Acadia fishing village, Rustico. In the Rustico and nearby Cavendish areas, there are numerous attractions, man-made and natural, to visit and miles of white sand beach to enjoy. And from here, continue on to Summerside located on the Lady Bygon Drive. In fact, if you take the ferry from Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick to Rustico, P.E.I., this second largest populous area on the Island could well be your first stop. There are many kinds of accommodations in the Summerside area, including good restaurants, amusement centres and other facilities. Perhaps you'll catch the annual Summerside Lobster Festival in mid-July!

On the King's Highway route, stop at the Farm Life Museum in Dunville. Then carry on to Montserrat, the picturesque third-largest town on P.E.I., and spend some leisure time visiting the Garden of the Gulf Museum, the province's first museum. Nearby, Brudenell Park provides a scenic setting for a first-class resort, golf course and campground, all operated by the provincial government. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Tourism Information Centre, P.O. Box 540, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island C1A 7M5.

Compare Cape P.E.I.'s fresh air and clean scene.



NSCOTIA

While Nova Scotia's spectacular seascapes and picturesque villages offer great scenic variety, there are equally captivating man-made structures. When completed, the Fortress of Louisbourg, 23 miles from Sydney, will be one of the great showplaces of the world.

Today, workmen are busy reconstructing on its original site plan of Louisbourg to the period immediately before the 1745 siege. Historians have combed through archives and collections in France, Britain, Canada and the U.S. for every available documentary reference to Louisbourg. Eventually, there will be 40 to 50 buildings and a series of massive defenses. These already completed include the imposing King's Bastion and Burnside which houses precious antique furnishings covering four important periods — Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Regence and Louis XV. Also housed are the King's kitchen, guardhouse and stables, engineer's house, ice house, deGrasse House, a typical house lived in by a captain of the marine garrison, and Rodriguez House offering a Cape Breton display.

From Louisbourg, take a nostalgic trip on the Cape Breton Seaside Railway from Glace Bay to Port Morven or start your journey toward the glorious Cabot Trail. In St. John's, August 4 to 9, you'll catch colorful Highland dances performing at the Celtic Mod. Then skirt the waters' edge as you climb the trail, passing through Cape Breton

Highlands National Park. And on route, stop to golf, scuba dive or relax on a beach. Carousing on, call at the Acadia community of Chatham where you'll watch artists looking right.

Cross the Cabot Causeway and follow the coastline along Route 7, and on your way, you'll come to Shubenubee Village now being restored to the way it appeared in the 19th century. If you keep on the Trans-Canada and arrive in New Glasgow and Truro from early to mid-August, you'll help celebrate their centennials as incorporated towns.

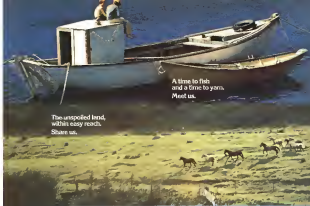
When you reach Halifax, you find good hotels, restaurants, nightlife and a most varied shopping mall. But all eyes are now focused on the \$6-million historic restoration project involving the renovation of a large number of 19th-century waterfront buildings. In July and August, take a three-hour cruise on the Bluenose II which will be berthed at Pipers Wharf, at the foot of this historic location.

To get a panorama of the harbor and surrounding area, go up to the Citadel. The ancient fortress from which a shot has never been fired is again a great place for history buffs as they can view displays in three museums depicting Nova Scotia's past.

Travelling the south shore out of Halifax, you come to the causeway leading to Oak Island. Here, guided color fascinating treasure-hunting activities on the island. Then further on, you reach the quaintly beautiful fishing villages, Lunenburg and Blue Rocks. Should you circle the western tip of the province, Yarmouth hosts Taste Festival Week starting August 25.

If you decide to journey along the Evangeline Trail, you'll discover the community of Grand Pré celebrating the 300th anniversary of its founding by French immigrants. The Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival, May 30 to June 2, commences festivities.

Continue on to Digby and catch a car ferry to Saint John's but stop off at Port Royal, a great 17th-century palisaded trading post fully re-created on the same site where Champlain built his first log fort in 1615. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Department of Tourism, Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia B1J 2M7.



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NEW FOUND LAND

Mezoun Newfoundland and a visitor remembers hundreds of picturesque fishing villages existing in the coves and bays, the strikingly scenic west coast and some of the finest people in the world.

Use your stress, you don't realize just how much this province has to offer or how easy it is to reach. For example, a car and passenger ferry crosses four to six times daily during the summer months between North Sydney and Port-au-Prince, on the west coast. Then there are those road trips weekly between North Sydney and Argenteau, on the equally appealing Avalon Peninsula of eastern Newfoundland. By scheduled airline, you can land at one of six air terminals scattered across the province.

Journeing along the Trans-Canada Highway from Port-au-Prince, you witness the diversity of Newfoundland's topography — from densely forested foothills and glimmering river valleys to snow-capped mountain peaks and delightful villages and coves.

Cancer Brook, where you can suspect a trace of the world's largest integrated pulp and paper mill, presents one of the prettiest settings in all Canada. In fact, a photographer can become tired trying to capture the beauty of this picturesque city and its surroundings.

To the north, just Borne Bay which some people compare to parts of Norway. It can easily be reached by road but be prepared to travel on a gravel road. Also, it's a good idea to fill up with gas before you leave the main highway. But don't miss taking a fancy ride across the bay and using this spectacular area as a base.

If you're the adventurous type, continue on from here to the first of two historic sites on the Northern Peninsula route. At Fort au Chien, an Interpretive Centre houses displays and artifacts documenting the recent discovery of an Indian burial site estimated to be over 4,000 years old. L'Anse-au-Mouton, at the extreme northern tip of the peninsula, is the site of a Viking village at the time of Norse voyager Eric the Red before Columbus. Wooden shacks have been erected to protect shallow excavations tracing the outlines of the various buildings con-

structed hundreds of years ago.

Should you decide to drive across Newfoundland from Corner Brook, be sure to stop at St. Richard Square Memorial Park where you and the children will delight at the sight of salmon leaping at the Falls. This park is only one of 46 attractive provincial parks offering some 1400 campsites and 1100 picnic sites. And on route to the west coast, the Greater Air Terminal is well worth a visit for it houses an interesting museum with exhibits relating to the history of transatlantic aviation.

Once on the east coast, make your home base the wilderness of Terra Nova National Park with hundreds of additional camping, picnic and recreational facilities in a five-hour boat ride to St. John's, the capital city.

St. John's, one of the oldest settlements in North America, is rich in history. From its most popular historic site, Signal Hill, you get a splendid panorama of the entire setting which includes a busy harbor and picturesque city. Standing here, you watch ships of all sizes and from many nations entering the narrow bay. You can see the city's Victorian architecture from carefully

Newfoundland's picturesque fishing communities capture photographers.



fringed with contemporary structures.

Cable Tower crowns Signal Hill. Today, the tower houses a graphic exhibit of early signaling devices, some of which are similar to those used by Marconi when he received the first transatlantic wireless signal from England in 1901. In an Interpretive Centre nearby, an absorbing light and sound presentation depicts the fascinating history of Newfoundland. During the latter part of July and most of August, you catch an added attraction here, the Signal Hill Military Tattoo performed afternoons and evenings on four days of the week.

Travelling Newfoundland, try to get off the main highway every once in a while and take the side roads to witness picturesque peninsulas and bays. Some shore roads drop off precipitously at the side. And you might see paths trying to lift squid from the water. For those who enjoy thrilling big-game fishing, arrange to charter a boat at Long Pond or Holyrood and catch a bluefin tuna in Conception Bay, one of the two major tuna fishing areas, the other being North Dune Bay in north-central Newfoundland.

The Labrador portion of the province is mostly of interest to those who seek first-rate fly-fishing camps. Thousands of square miles of virgin forest and lakes, accessible only by float plane, make possible a vastness because for sportmen. To obtain more information on Newfoundland and Labrador, use your travel agent or write Department of Tourism, Confederation Building, St. John's, Newfoundland.



NORTH WEST TERRITORIES

There's nothing fancy about the Northwest Territories, but if you're adventurous and seeking outdoor supremacy, you're in for the holiday of a lifetime. Nowadays, frequent flights connecting through Edmonton allow larger cities in the N.W.T. more easily accessible. Once there, you'll encounter no problems in chartering aircraft to reach isolated but fascinating Arctic communities or places to camp where you can fish virgin lakes. Maybe you'd prefer to conquer the challenging roads which are a gravel, all-weather surface but dusty and rough, leading north. This can be done, only remember to keep your gas tank full and an extra micron in your car as service stations are infrequent along the way. Best steps made from hotel and motel accommodations to airports and to picnic sites.

From Bush Point Monument situated on an elevated piece of ground in Yellowknife, the capital, you'll get a good panorama of the city and the immediate area. Then drive on to the east of the city, stopping off at the Giant Yellowknife Mine where you can actually arrange to be taken underground or perhaps see the pouring of a gold bar. Devolution Yellowknife appears surprisingly active and its surprisingly warm. There are modern shops with magnificent windows and every carnage, new office buildings and hotels affording all the conveniences one wouldn't expect to receive so far north. Stop off at the golf course you've heard so much about where you can start your game at midday in June and July when daylight lasts a continuous 24 hours.

It's well worth your time to visit the largest of the Eskimo communities, Inuvik, right in the Arctic Circle. There's a good hotel here and a couple of nice taverns. Before you leave Inuvik, purchase a souvenir coat or a fine quality parka, at an incredibly low price.

While there are many interesting populated centers dotting the Northwest Territories such as Tuktoyaktuk, Coppermine, Fort Simpson, Hay River, Fort Smith and Repulse, to name a few, Tuktoyaktuk — a small Eskimo community located on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, shouldn't be missed. Arrange to charter an aircraft in Inuvik, and within half an hour, you get to the northernmost inhabited settlement

on the mainland. As you fly to "Tuk," you'll view the famous Inuvik country with vegetation limited to moss, high meadow, grasses and Labrador Teas and not prairie, grass and birch.

Visitors to the Northwest Territories should want to get away from it all, like an ecology book — or to see a bird nesting area you won't see anywhere else. If you decide to take along the entire family, so because you want to explore nature at its best, to experience a way of life you don't really believe exists. You can fly in to one of the many fishing camps, take a canoe trip on the great Maclean River, or make walrus or polar bear with a camera.

To get to Inuvik, Canada's largest inland, see Frontier Bay as your transfer point On the Island,



Mountain on Arctic coast at Franklin Point, N.W.T.

mountains tower 5,000 feet and spectacular ice fields and glaciers gleam in the sun. Perhaps you'll like to arrange a climbing expedition. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write TravelArctic, Division of Tourism, Government of the Northwest Territories, Yellowknife, N.W.T. X6E 1H2.

NORTH WEST TERRITORY

Today, driving from the airport into Dawson City, various sizes of vehicles strung on either side of the road from gold dredges along the Klondike River bring back memories of the greatest gold rush in modern history. As you approach your modern hotel, you'll help those over this city's colorful past. Ranch-like houses still stand as if by magic, only now they're partially covered by evergreen grass and trees. And you pass the actual cabin of Jack London and Robert Service.

Other sights of Dawson include the old greenhouse, St. George's, sitting on the banks of the Yukon River, the Dawson Museum and the Yukon Museum. The Dawson Museum where you'll see one of the first evergreen stumps found in North America. At the beautifully appointed Palace Grand Theatre, attractive girls in elaborate costumes, and at night, you enjoy melodrama of a vaudeville variety show. Around the corner and down the boardwalk is Dawson Tooth Gertie's, Canada's only licensed gambling hall. While the city of Whitehorse contrasts greatly in appearance, a Rio of

the northwest "Frontier Follies" during the summer months. In this pretty city of the far North, you'll find top class accommodations, golf and restaurants, fine quality shops and some spectacular scenery, and it's no wonder since Whitehorse welcomes some 350,000 visitors a year.

Klondike National Park, located in the southwestern corner of the Yukon Territory, boasts Canada's highest mountains, most dramatic ice fields and some of North America's finest wilderness populations. Most of the lakes and streams in the park contain Arctic Grizzlies, Lake Trout and Northern Pike. Despite the fact that the park will eventually be accessible by road, at the present time, you must charter an aircraft. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Yukon House, 567 Hawley Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6C 2E9.

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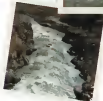
We rounded the bend, and the river's roar became thunder in our ears as the white water of the Chilcotin picked up the raft and hurled it into a narrow channel between cliffs that must have been half-a-mile high.



It was our first rapids on our White Water Rafting expedition down the Chilcotin from Williams Lake in BC. I think we were all a little shaken. But later around the campfire with sleeks sizzling and sleeping bags writhing, we had to admit that the boatmen really knew their job.

The wildlife we saw, the trail rides, the river itself, it was quite a trip. Why would anyone settle for a vacation when you can set out on an adventure like that?

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MOVE OVER, COLUMBUS

If the Ogham stone is legitimate, the Irish discovered America 1,000 years before you did

By NOEL MOORE

It didn't look like much, admittedly, a mere slab of the sort of a Volkswagen, weighing perhaps nine tons, firmly embedded half way up a steep slope in a wild and desolate area on the northern tip of Newfoundland.

But on the rock face was inscribed, and under the letters was a network of intricate and geometric lines, and behind those lines were a mystery and a controversy and a peak, perhaps into a Canadian history we didn't even know we had. I say perhaps, because we are dealing here with archaeology, an exact science wary of hares (archaeologists have been awed before) and led astray by the deceptions of time itself. The Ogham stone, as it is called, is not yet exact proof.

But if the evidence on this score is accepted, it will push back the boundaries of our recorded history another 500 years, it will imply that even at the ancient myths proclaimed North America was first visited by Europeans not — as the old history books used to tell us — when Christopher Columbus sailed into the Caribbean in 1492 and thought he had discovered India, not — as the more recent texts lay it down — by the Vikings, long wayward from their base, landed some 800 years earlier — but by wayfinding Irish monks, who set up shop here in the middle of the first millennium after Christ, on a spot not 20 miles from where Viking buildings would be raised on centuries later.

The man at the centre of the mystery and the controversy surrounding the Ogham stone is Dr Robert McKeown, an archaeology professor from Memorial University in St. John's, Nfld. He is understandably cautious in discussing his find. He does not claim to have discovered proof of the presence of Irish monks in Newfoundland; he does not claim anything, he merely says, "I record what I see." And what he sees is on a standing rock, covered with a script that bears no relationship to Indian rock carvings, nor even to the runic writing of the Vikings. It appears that it may be a script known as Ogham which is the ancient script alphabet of the Druids. Ogham script supposedly went out of use when Ireland was converted to Christianity in the fifth century A.D. Monks of that era some of them converted Druids themselves, would certainly have been familiar with the strange writing.

Today the very mention of the word Druid evokes the tradi-

tion of roasting and charneling alike. According to the history approved by the church, the Druids were a gang of bloodthirsty pagan shamans, madmen who sacrificed human victims on stone slabs, ripped out their hearts with their knives and kept the people of the Roman Empire and Gaul sunk in barbarism until Christianity came to convert and civilize them.

But most of what we know about the Druids comes from Greek and Roman sources, most notably Julius Caesar and Ptolemy, a Greek writer, philosopher. One of the reasons Caesar invaded Britain was to wipe out the religion. But he and his successors were stopped at the approaches to the Scottish highlands. No Roman legion ever dared go East to behind the real centre of the Druid religion and culture.

So what we had been getting about the Druids is the view of their enemy, in recent years, scholars suspicious of these heart-rendering accounts have begun to re-examine the evidence, and they have come upon some surprises. Clement of Alexandria who had access to the great library of Alexandria before the Romans burned it, wrote that far from being barbarous it was the Druids who taught geometry, philosophy and astronomy to the Greeks. Ptolemy claimed that the Druids of Gaul were the wisest men in the world.

Ironically, it is sometimes the case with great discoveries. McKeown's controversial find of the carved stone came almost in an afterthought.

He and another archaeologist, James Tuck, had been making field notes to record the discovery of small, rectangular and unmarked in Newfoundland. It was interesting, but of no great archaeological significance, and they estimated that it dated from the 13th or 14th century. Much wonder in from the Atlantic, and the great of single is might be with the waves breaking on the rocks as they turned to leave. It had been a long walk to the remote area on the northern tip of the island, about 15 miles south and west of L'Anse-au-Loup. They would be glad to call it a day.

Their guide, Lloyd Decker, a local fisherman who acts as caretaker for the Viking settlements discovered by Hildegarde.

Paul Moore is an Irish writer and professional film producer.



When Professor David Kelley was shown the writing on the rock, he had no hesitation in identifying it as ancient Druid script

shot in 1960, seemed disappointed when McEwen and Tuck announced their opinion.

"Would you like to see the rock with the writing on it?" he asked. The scientists paled, quivered, then their scientific instincts quivered. They said they certainly would. And that is how the strange, fantastic myth came to the attention of the scientific community.

"They have no consciousness to say script previously discovered in North America," McGee told me later. "It wasn't the most writing of the Vikings and it wasn't as old as the Indian rock carvings." If it was a hoax, then it was an old one for liars — the scientific issue that goes on rocks — is ancient and can therefore be dated. This sent a simple way and the answer came back: the rock was a minimum of 100 to 200 years old. Since it contained the same script then the script was at least that old. If it was a hoax, it was perpetrated in the late 1800s or later by someone in a remote part of the island with a working knowledge of a script that hadn't been used since the fifth century. By coincidence, when McEwen made his find he was carrying a copy of Robert Graves' *The White Goddess*, and the similarities between the carvings on the rock and the Ogham code reproduced in Graves' book about Druids helped set it all.

McGee photographed the runes and sent a copy to Professor David Kelley of the University of Calgary. Kelley's preoccupation was with the Mayan civilization of South America, but he had led him to a study of various world calendars and writing systems and when he saw the markings on the rock McGee and Tuck had found he had no hesitation in identifying them as Ogham.

McGee sent copies of the markings to other experts in Ogham, but they had

misgivings and refused to say anything beyond a noncommittal "interesting" or "enigmatic".

So much for the hard, scientific evidence. But there's another more romantic version one that refers to Celtic mythology in tales of lost islands and fallen cities, legends of the myths and legends of the Celts and Greeks, Romans and Latins point to this continent as the fabulous land far to the west where St. Brendan the Navigator made his landfall nearly 1,500 years ago.

Brendan is one of the great saints of Ireland, talking slightly before St. Patrick. He was born in 414 A.D. in the village of Pont, and there is an Ogham stone at the nearby church of Kinsale. The altar he founded in Clontarf, which was a sort of monastery for Druids, the Inghwe Ardagh (Daughters of Art) before he converted them to Christianity, was also marked with an Ogham stone.

Brendan was more than 70 when he set out on his epic voyage, according to the *Navigatio Sancti Brendani Abbatis*, an early ninth-century manuscript. He selected 14 monks to accompany him and they built "a very tight little vessel clothed and adorned with various carved and well-ruled outlines, and caulked with waxed hides." If you substitute carvings for ogham, you have a perfect description of the carvings: a boat still used by fishermen on the west coast of Ireland.

The *Navigatio* tells a great adventure story. On one island, the party meets a devil, then they go to an island of sheep. Other islands are inhabited by birds, demons and other exotic fauna. Eventually they reach the region "within the sea sleep," and "where this cold is insupportable." They are pursued by a fire-breathing dragon, but they escape and then they see an immense glittering

palace of pure crystal floating in the sea. They go on island of fire and smoke and finally they reach a land where they meet a holy man covered with feathers.

There are hauntingly accurate descriptions of islands that exist today along the northern coast of New Scotland to Labrador. The island of sheep sounds like the Faeroes, which have a native breed of sheep, the island of smoke and fire could well be Iceland, the crystal palace as Iceland. Archaeological excavations have proved that the Irish monks were established on the Hebrides from Brendan's time on, in the Orkneys and Shetlands from 579 on, in the Faeroes from about 610 A.D. and later they moved west along the path to Vikings. They were in Iceland before the Vikings who found where they carved ogham furniture that the washed paper had left behind.

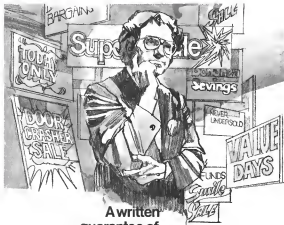
Nobody knows where the vanished Irish colony went, but the oldest signs of all concerning the voyage of An Mac n-ghriog is a story "An Mac n-ghriog" who was driven across the sea by heavy gales to Hibernia, mainland which by some is called Great Ireland. It lies seaward in the sea near Valparaiso. An could not escape thence, and was captured there. This was first himself in Hibernia (Kinsale) in Ireland.

So there you have it, the Irish account and the Viking account, and in *L'Anne au Meadow* you have Dr. Ignatius of Viking wisdom and not at all sure you have a rock with script carved on it that may be Ogham.

If you take a globe, with the meridians clearly marked, and place a line halfway between the 51st and 52nd degrees of north latitude, it will pass through all the ancient places of Druid mythology. The line will pass south of the English Pembrokeshire in Ireland where Brendan started his journey; it will pass through Skerret, the Argyll and he'll have a dozen other fabulous sites. If you compare that line across the Atlantic, it will pass somewhere between Anne au Meadow and the Ogham stone.

Until the most recent times, the account of Brendan's voyage have been dismissed by many as Irish fairy tales — basically beautiful stories of fabulous events that never took place. The evidence has scoffed, likening the tales to those of the lost Atlantis. Show concrete evidence they have said and then we'll re-examine the myth.

Perhaps that is what McGee's discovery has done for there appears to be no other explanation. ☐



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If you go to La Sapinière, take a doggy bag

BY JUDYLAINE FINE

My search for culinary ecstasy in Canada hasn't been a picnic. For the past four years I have been reviewing restaurants in Canada and in all that time I have found only glimmers of perfection, a tiny morsel that must come atop to an eat, a bowl diving from such as the Georgia in Vancouver that bays great beef and serves it in the same condition. At the worst of times, I've ragged on unpalatable mixes of heartburning, stomach-destroying slop.

I have dined at restaurants that deserve the greatest respect. Toronto's United Bake's has one cook who can singlehandedly serve up 35 orders of scrambled eggs that are the marmos of the region. Sunday brunch Albert Schmitt, head chef of Hotel Rame Elizabeth in Montreal. La Sapinière responsible for feeding more than two million soldiers each year, rarely an achievement in itself, and all of his meals are at the very least palatable. But I've always wanted more than that, after recognizing that running a restaurant is no easy business. I still want great food, superbly served. Finally, after ten busy dinners where the performance by kitchen staff was more palatable than the quality of their food, I threw up my hands and decided to get some advice from the pros.

Most of Canada's gourmet live in Quebec, the one province that can boast its own cuisine with its own name. The gastronomes I consulted there, pros such as Gérard Delage (coordinator of l'Association des Restaurateurs de Québec) and Henry Paul Gagnier (owner of L'Éclaircie) were unwilling to convert themselves on the name of the single best restaurant in Canada. Several restaurants names dropped up. The Ritz (Montreal), Chez Bouché (Montreal), Le Saint (Montreal), but one was always mentioned — La Sapinière, a country

inn at Val David, Quebec.

I made reservations for a Sunday night, then, according to the strict date of restaurant visits I showed up unannounced on Saturday.

La Sapinière is in the heart of the Laurentians. It is large, almost majestic, built of sandblasted stone and spruce. And yet somehow it blends unobtrusively with the landscape. The original 15-room inn was put up in 1933 and has since its now had been cleared for it from the valley's sparse forest. Now, 40 years later, La Sapinière, though 50 rooms large, still retains a basic air. Only those needed for construction of the addition have been cut down, others moved to make way for the new wings.

The dining room seats 150 at plus tables set with Georgian silver and unadorned crystal. Each table has its own candle and a single red ceramic vase in a silver vase — the only hint of colour in an elegant but muted room. Ten waiters and four wine stewards were quickly and efficiently going about their business. And unless you want something you'd never have seen, one is in the room. It reminded me the time several years ago when, at a Toronto restaurant, a waiter and I reached for the wine bottle simultaneously, the waiter ended up in my lap. At La Sapinière my glass was never empty. As if by divine will, it was always full of the white, woody, semi-dry Alsatian wine from La Sapinière's own reserve.

In months that have seen "it" in them, I always start with my famous entrée, a half dozen duck's breast. Many critics insist that raw oysters, simply opened and heated onto a plate, are no way to judge a kitchen's merit. But these guys had been alive only an hour before they arrived at my table. Any chef can order oysters by piece for a buck a dozen, take a knife through the middle during the slow hours of the afternoon and serve them in the evening at mere



Admission: Free. It is a five-dollar wine with a special interest in the culinary arts.

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I didn't want to spoil the still life by doing something so trivial as eating it

those double that price with a blob of hot sauce. It takes eleven ingredients and a lot of skillful to have them prepared as a moment's peace. And there is a vast difference between room-temperature, fairly tangy, fairly-spicing, mildness and my system that most year just started to discover in my state of comfort and thus, with the subtle hint of salty corns on, slip down your throat knowing behind a number of Atlantic breeze. I love a good oyster at I love Delaney, both taste the same endings, usually missing. Something fabulous was definitely going on behind those swirling kitchen doors.

Let's remember (that's right) *Prosecco* arrived once they were arranged around a redolent terrace — a dozen *prosecco* they. I was familiar with the rather-than-chicken state of modest young frogs' legs but I had never thought of presenting them in a dazzling ritual experience. I wasn't quite sure that I wanted to spoil the still life by doing something so trivial as eating them. One line put me to it that "Who too get a crack at it? sitting but tenderly-broiled *prosecco*, whose subtle garlic aroma vies for recognition with that first of all things, you eat every one. You mean after you eat the first one, it falls to the table and then you pick up the next one."

Sated, with a wine-singer and of dressing arrived. Very crisp. Crispy bread, a bit of chicken, a not quite ready fish, and crispie potatoes. The green of an orange, freshly strained and lightened with burning orange brine, on paper-thin french potatoes, in the heart of all things.

On Sunday at noon I introduced myself to the manager, Philippe Belletier, and then finished on half a cold, steamed lobster with a house-made potato mayonnaise and garnished with white starfish would be proud to call *prosecco* — the first vegetables of spring. In the middle of the fall. Grand cream, orange, Brie, lettuce and cauliflower beds. Across the table, my friend, who always eats small lunches after leaving the previous night, was showing to anyone (original of) lunch and loving every tender moment of meal. At the end of the meal, Marie of Jean smiled and said that he hoped we had enjoyed our lunch. He said that to everyone that — the first bit of privilege — he extended an invitation to meet the chef "Mercel Kriz would be honored to meet you."

A chef seemed to meet me. The chef I knew well — Charles Nassau, head

chef of Paris' Gordon Bleu, was able to bring blood, juice and never counts date after date, day after day in front of 50,000-year-old stadium, out of whom was me. Included in the price of that performance, though, was the most considerable I have ever encountered. I can't imagine Charles being honored to meet anyone.

Five minutes later, I was in the kitchen — a blushing restaurant critic peering a head in a man with the dignity and pose of a 40-year-old. After a moment, Marcel Kriz, a tall, thin man with sparkling grey-blue eyes, smiled and I was enveloped in an aura of warmth and good feeling. He asked me if I'd like to see his kitchen.

While I walked through what seemed like an acre of pure meat and poultry boards, it felt as if I'd been taken to the small nations. If you try to run them as democracies, 20 countries with as many ideas about the correct way to cook, will be playing notes that don't harmonize. They can be well-pod-one shape for a marvelous slow driver, but there's one bar the chef will have the key to success and God help him if, for one moment, he cannot deliver. Oh, it was evident here, a kitchen can be ruled benevolently by a chef who will do as he does and dips to work his staff as teacher, master and friend. The staff will respond with love and respect, if disaster struck it would be in such terms to his.

Kriz seemed to anticipate my questions before I had time to ask it. "I am with these 20 people more than I am with my family. A tyrant can get respect from his customers. But that is not the only way. I get respect sometimes and — I go away and come in 10. The business is what is something new. My staff must always be having something new if they are to be happy and yet not cause any trouble. Those who are learning, those they have learned they will love. Don't, my son-in-law, will go some day when he is offered a position as chef — just as I left the Trempland Club to come here. What would you like for dinner tonight?"

He had been in his kitchen since 18 and had no recollection of leaving it, and the rest of his parents, had died that night. On any night — We dined on *Fish de Bleu* *Prosecco* and I left him to his one hour of afternoon rest.

Later that afternoon in La Rembrandt's warm, nut-scented bay, manager Philippe Belletier passed me for a bar — the white wine and other de extra kind of Boudry. He spoke softly and with an

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Oysters and wine can be great cuisine

right people can be great cuisine. The other night my daughter brought fresh bread, good sausage and broiled steaks together for dinner. A delicious meal with a glass of red wine. The ingredients were fresh and she cooked them with care, it was great cuisine.

"Yes, yes. I grew up in Saskatchewan, in the Prairie provinces, during the German occupation. We had no money to buy food. We had a vegetable garden in the back and grew in the yard. My mother made pea — a good pea ok, as beans but for you — and I watched her and listened. The house is where a taste for good food was begun but today the world moves so quickly. No one has time, people sleep on the men."

"One day when I was a kid, a boat hit the Saskatchewan dam. All of us playing by the river ran home to get supper. Not to report the dam but to catch the fish that were jumping in the river. Food was the most important part of our lives."

Kerri wanted to be a florist, but his father, concerned in his son's security, convinced him to enroll in hotel school. "Generalized," he told Merrell, "then later on if you want you can still have your friends."

In 1951 Merrell came to Canada on a working vacation and got a job at the Adlon in the Chateau. He worked as a waiter. "Then I had both — my friends and food. I love the life here."

"I entered in St. Adlon, started a family and wanted to write down. I worked at the Chateau, Hotel Bellevue, La Grande Club and then as head chef at Cullen Tremblant Club. Eleven years ago I came here. The decision was whether to be an administrator who never touches the food or as a chef, part of the preparation. The work here may be hard but I have the added satisfaction of being a part of the cuisine."

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"Gastronomes respect food and propagate it in Canada. But a bourgeoisie couple — in some ways they are even more important to us — they only get the chance to sample good cuisine once in a while. Sometimes I get letters of thanks and they are even more special than the applause from a chef."

That night there would be applause. At 7 p.m. 40 rain and cool men met at Le Quebec's 35-year-old wine cellar for a tour and a sitting. Eighteen thousand bottles including a Chateau d'Yquem '79, too old to drink but taste-

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And then came Coupe Nougatine — homemade vanilla ice cream full of caramelized almonds which crunched between my teeth

osing as part of a collection, and 10 new ones of Bordeaux laid down in mistle. Surgeon conspires were served, and the system I had struggled with, baked by then on a bed of Jeremy, crowned: puree-sealed spinach — *Les Phénix* double. With the oysters, a glass of dry white Alsatian Gewürztraminer 1978, a beautiful wine that strikes one more

after it is swallowed than while it is held in the mouth.

According to the strict rules of gastronomy nothing but wine — no spirit or even cooked meats such as venison — is served before dinner. No second courses, no water (not the chateau course [and even then mineral water], no smoking and coffee. And no discussion

with even the slightest connection to politics or religion. They do nothing to enhance relaxation or digestion.

Upstairs, in the large wood-paneled dining room, we dined splendid white fish. One lone crutch that I looked more interesting without one and then longer. I was no longer the only woman, as was friends come to parties of Kretz's art. We took our place and began.

According to the rules of classical French cuisine, the first course was a light soup, in this case a wonderfully clear chicken broth, thickened ever so slightly with oysters, perfumed with Madras and garnished with minuscule julienne of chicken breast and oysters. We sipped slowly, savoring each drop.

Then the quenelles. Two small poached pike dumplings, smothered with egg yolk, swimming in a creamy white velouté sauce and topped with tiny shrimp and oyster flecks of baked under a dollop of Swiss cheese. The fawn and sea urchin had all blended into one soup. The fish had been lightened by the sauce and the sauce strengthened by the fish.

The plate course — brochet of partridge (you don't want the rest of the bird) and mushrooms — brought us home to the table. The man across from me was the only diner who ventured to comment: "A pheasant smeared in wine but less juicy, no, more juicy, no — like a night in the symphony if a symphony had a taste." There were no more attempts at description.

The main course, the crowning glory of the meal, was young lamb. It's served with lamb kidneys. The fat of the season's cherries honored by the hearty state of roasted flesh and a half tomato sautéed lightly in red wine. Garnished by potato croquettes — beiled, poached, prisms smothered with egg yolk, shaped into cylinders, breaded and fried in hot oil. Just one, to savor it, not so fill.

A taste of tender veal and a skewer of ripe Cornish hen. And then, a refreshing and mouthful of Coupe Nougatine — homemade French vanilla ice cream check full of caramelized almonds which crunched and burst into flavor between my teeth. Freshness, add raspberry liqueur, was served after a rich, black, Colombian coffee.

I lit up a cigarette and smiled back in my chair slowly relaxed and at peace with the world. Then Marcel Kretz, dignified, composed after 14 hours in his kitchen, entered the room. An artist I stood to applaud. ☺



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THE BOYS OF WINTER

In 1961 the Trail Smoke Eaters beat the whole world. They think they still can

By PAUL GRESCOE

In the late winter and early spring of last year a fairly large group of Canadians — mostly from Trail, B.C., and mostly into their early forties — returned to the Royal Rink in Lausanne, Switzerland. It had been 13 years between visits, but when they entered the hotel, Tony, the Italian bartender, immediately шаг out — from memory — the name of each Canadian male in the group. And his winter number.

He was paying tribute to skis as well as long winter shivers. The men he recognized were the nucleus of the 1961 Trail Smoke Eaters, the last Canadian amateur team to win the world hockey championship. In the 13 years that had passed since Tony had served the team frosts, the Smoke Eaters had grown frothier and need braver on weight, they were slow-motion regulars of their late-night soles. But they were every bit as bountiful as in 1961 — after all, they had just completed a clean, five-point series against the nucleus of the '61 Swedish national team, led by some quick centers, and the Smoke Eaters had whipped down again.

Tony remembered a Canadian team that he had forgotten, that Europe would always remember. When they conquered the world in 1961 they weren't even the team we'd intended to send overseas. The year before, they'd lost the Allan Cup to the Clitheroes. But Clitheroes had decided to take a Russian tour instead, and as Trail ended up with the chance to play for the world cup. Their European tour was grinding. 24 open-air games in eight countries in six weeks. After their first below-zero exhibition game with Sweden, which they lost 4-0, the Smoke Eaters were described by Swedish experts as the weakest team we'd ever sent to a world tournament. But after the second, which Trail won 4-1, the Swedes decided this was the finest team ever. They'd signed four Swedish players, two of them as badly they had to be dropped.

Paul Grescoe is a Vancouver writer and a contributing editor of *Maclean's*.

from the roster. They kept up their brand of tough, precise hockey, they asubstituted the Russians and the Swedes, and they won the world title.

The rough and tumble Smoke Eaters of '61 became celebrities in Europe. Countries such as Sweden and Switzerland never forgot the team's flashy fan-waiters, Dave Russell and Forest McLain. Now goaltender Seth Martin — who's remembered now in Canada, if at all, for his one tenure in the NHL.

They went back to Europe in the late winter, early spring of '74 to catch up on a dinner, to be reconstructed whole again as heroes. The boys of winter.

Tired, a town of 12,000, not much bigger now than in 1961, is swamped in excitement. Houses terrace up the snow-brown hills, and wilderness is just a walk away — basket can bag an elk and be back home within the hour. The weather is a breeze but looking hard, you can spot floating beds of dirt from the weather channels of Comox, Trail's excuse for being, the world's largest meadow of pine and lead.

Comox's existence also explains why the Smoke Eaters of '61 could regroup when the members of other amateur teams would have long since scattered. Most of the original club still work "up the hill," the main employment for the tough Comoxians.

I'd come to Trail not because I'm a hockey fan, that's for sure, I know, but my image of the game is colored by a Winnipeg boyhood of weak-kneed skating, wobbly puck-passing and my eventual realization that I'd rather be Oscar Blamont than Rodger Richard. But even I was intrigued by the resilient Smoke Eaters. Their series with the Swedes had been glorious in the Canadian press, dreamed in the boys of Team Canada '61, and now they were talking of yet another hockey trip to Europe. What would have prompted them to put on their skates again, how much of it was mid-life nostalgia for the boys they used to be?

I already knew the idea was Seth





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After 15 minutes the players were gasping

Martin's life is the St. Louis Blues in 1968, then debilitated one level down with the Spokane job of the Western International League, retiring finally five years ago. He's a Comoxo brewer, but come on, he's a sport! He's the St. Louis Blues in 1968, then debilitated one level down with the Spokane job of the Western International League, retiring finally five years ago. He's a Comoxo brewer, but come on, he's a sport! He's the St. Louis Blues in 1968, then debilitated one level down with the Spokane job of the Western International League, retiring finally five years ago. He's a Comoxo brewer, but come on, he's a sport!

The famous 15 minutes, Martin was busy firing him at the back of the shop. One wall is done in Hockey Tradition. St. Louis players and players had a photograph of NHL star, Phil Esposito, who introduced himself. Esposito, with the Pittsburgh-based team that carried him to Oakland. Despite his height, he'd been a great hockey player. He'd been in the team west over around in '61. He'd been a fast-paced world class. On the ice a bruiser and off a (the team) he's 40 now, a Comoxo midweight who sharpens skates for Martin after work.

Meeting Martin, I could see why the Swedish player had followed him around in '61. He'd been a fast-paced but handsome (not with a club just beginning to double — younger than his 40 years). We arranged to meet again that night at the Comoxo Arena for the season's first game.

In the dressing room, anyway, the team looked strange. Both faced broad jugs. But certainly in better shape than I am at 34 — except for two of them, defencesman George Fergusson and forward Cal Hockley, their captain, who were fat. Fat fat.

"Jesus Christ, I can hardly head out," Fergusson said, lying his head. "The game comes up and he's even looking it," said Hockley.

"Last year I thought we were men," Hockley observed. "This year I'm convinced we are."

Fergusson was winded 15 minutes into the practice and later, when somebody asked Hockley why he was looking up the boards, he just shook his heavy head. Don Russell and Alex Tambellini had their own on the ice with them, scrappy junior players, and their fathers, lean and fit, were still the brains of the old St. Louis. Yet most of the '61 team were equal to the young players in stick-handling if not acrobatics. Oh, occasionally Tambellini's kid might have looked closely but he wouldn't get by Martin who'd stay himself across the net as if he were falling on a feathered feather player — the son of Gerry Presot, every working-class player — acrobatic.

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The series was Seth Martin's vision

only dumped George Fergason on his belly. To cross the wilderness, the Russell boys stepped over a pack. At one point, Frankie McIntyre boarded and then hugged the younger Tim before and said, with a mock stern, "There 19-year-olds."

The dressing room afterward was swash with towels from the showers and Uncle Ben's hair oiled with olive. Made Russell, he underwear ripped open at his armpits, knees, thighs and about the neck and remarked, "I don't care if I ever play hockey again."

In conversation, Cal Hockley was telling me about the trip to Sweden. "It was like a dream. It's not very often you get a chance to go back again. My wife thought it was kind of a snowbird idea at first, most of us had played for seven or eight years. And then we sat around at our second meeting and decided we'd need a budget of \$15,000. That shows how little we know, the whole trip cost us \$75,000."

After practice, everybody went over to the house of Ted Patton, a young dentist and a son of hockey players who was team manager for the 1974 team, to look at slides of both European trips.

"Look at the business," somebody shouted when the young and easy, brash 1984 team appeared on screen. "All the girls would call after Seth. 'Mum, Mum.' " "That's the Metropolitan Hotel dining room in Moscow." "We were playing cards with 17 different kinds of money." "I like their stretch." "That's Shirley when he found there was a problem egg in his soup."

On the team trip, their hair had been longer, their clothes weren't out of the Eton's catalogue and their wives were with them. "Tom's lame, always sleeping." "We got bombed in Torremolinos after the series." "Look at her, she's a terrific cop, we drove past her five times." "We were in Sweden four days before we had Swedish food." "My wife left by then. She got sick and went home."

In all, the second series seemed happy, like a holiday instead of a hockey tournament. During the next few days — adding to the team members on the job at Colorado, driving around town with trainer Tiger Milburn, visiting the historical success story of the '61 Senators, do-fenseman Harry Smith, who's big in bulk oil and real estate in the Rocky Circle — I began to piece together how the entire situation had happened.

Really, it was Seth Martin's vision. A local boy, Martin had played junior hockey in Leithbridge, Alberta, then



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Martin quit the NHL to return to Trail

When there is a job, the best thing to do is to get it. In 1960, they lost the Allan Cup to Chatham but early the next year went to Europe and was under coach Bobby Kremen. They reached the world championship again in '61 but finished fourth. Back home, a contract with Kremen, a Vice President on skates, prompted most of the players to quit the team, Martin among them. But as a well-seasoned goalkinder he was recruited for Canada at the 1964 Olympics and then returned to Europe with Father David Bauer's national teams in '66 and '67. Scotty Bowman, scouting for St. Louis, a new expensive team, watched Martin on that last trip and agreed later with the Blues the following summer.

At 34, Martin was the oldest rookie in the NHL. He got \$20,000 and a furnished house. He also got very tense. "Especially on a Saturday night when it was TV across Canada," he remembers. For his debut in Montreal, he was doing his goal posts when a teammate wondered aloud if he shouldn't first put on his pants. St. Louis went to the Stanley Cup final that season (and lost to Montreal) but Glen Hall was the first-string goalie. Still, Martin had worked 26 games during the season with a respectable 2.59 goals-against average, the Blues was willing to take him back, the money was good — so why drop out?

Well, he told me, he had a wife and family. Three girls — right now the youngest, 15-year old Susan, a spunky street-hockey player with a couple of stitches to prove it was no mind games for her dad. In 1960, Martin had considered his 43 season year as an \$8,000-a-year business in Trail and the promise of a lock-in pension within two years, against that he weighed the well-paid but perilous future of a hockey player. Security was: "I thought when it came to his after and I've thought about it since," he admitted. "You know, what would I be doing now, where would I be living in a bigger city? I don't know whether I'd like it or not, to be honest with you."

I wondered if he had any regrets. "Not really. But I don't think I wanted to go. I played in the Allan Cup and in the world championships and I was a participant in the Stanley Cup. And the thing I remember most is winning the championship for Canada in '61 and even going back last year to Sweden — an old-timer's tour, but it's still a great feeling to skate on the ice with the maple leaf on front and CANADA on the back and listen to the national anthem."

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In Göteborg, the old-timers attracted more fans than the world championships did a short time later

"Was you maybe a little hungry to play in front of big crowds again?"

"I think you're right," Martin said. "Most of the fans were around the young and they just hadn't played any hockey at all until last year. There would be maybe 10 of the 14 guys here who go along well together and would go out together and have a few beers. "It was exactly 10 years after world war it is in 1971 — when I first thought about going back. I wrote to the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, Gordon Jukes, and he wasn't too encouraging. Canada wasn't sending teams to Europe because of the world champions deal where no player was eligible, so there was a little catch. In '72 Jukes said we weren't too enthused."

But as the world championship in Prague that year, Jukes casually remained in a Swedish character that some old-timers would play a compatible team in his country, the Swedes said there was such a team and the correspondence began between Seth Martin and Hans Swedberg, manager of the Färjestads (Täby) team. Hockey club of Swedish amateur-league production.

The interest soon expanded. The Swedish team would come to Canada for four games around Trail. Martin's first-year conscience began recruiting the 31 veterans and they made up aged players they could transfer 10 in all, far in advance before the series they practiced three times a week and played whenever matches they could arrange to raise money. Against junior B and intermediate 10 in all, they only are game.

The money — \$75,000, 15 of it — came harder. Each team-member borrowed \$750 from a credit union, eventually their personal financial contribution to the trip to total more than \$10,000 a year. They arranged dinner and a suite (first prize) a hot trip to Sweden with the Smoke Eaters) and sold advertising for an elaborate game program. That's when they realized again that most Canadians don't desire their summer vacations. While local businessmen brought ads, Seth Martin received only five replies in the 180 letters he wrote to potential BC and national advertisers. Neither Air Canada nor CP Air would take ads nor offer the kind of support Saskatchewan Airlines did. \$2,500 worth including the printing of a souvenir program of the team. CCM gave them sticks. Coors gave them \$500 in cash. The federal government's Fitness Council gave them maple-leaf pins. "And," Seth Martin says, "that was about all."

Fortunately the guests in the Trail

area drew standing-room crowds and contributed \$13,921 to the trip. And the Swedes had paid their own way over. They arrived with crates on December 16, 1973. Their Canadian hosts drew a stadium and New Year's Eve party in the senior citizens' lounge of the Centennial Arena with Seth Martin playing piano and the Swedes singing old American standards in baritone voices directed by Canadian Club men.

A crowd of 3,300 overflowed the 2,400-seat arena for the first game in Trail. It opened with a translation of the final 10 minutes of the 1961 radio broadcast of the Smoke Eaters' world championship



membership game against the Russians. From the start, the two Swedes were outclassed, scoring only once in a power play in the third period. Trail got 10 goals — and four minor penalties to Sweden's one.

Unlike the '64 series, the games were light-free through injuries. In the Smoke Eaters had two scruffs with Swedish giants. But the second game, in Spokane, Washington, proved that the players were not in their prime. The Swedes took a three-goal lead in the first seven minutes then the Smoke Eaters scored the next six and won it with some rugged hockey at one point deflected Don Fletcher threw a clean but hard-riffing body check that knocked a Swede and left him crawling across the ice to his bench. The trauma led in Kimberley 7-1, but in Nelson the Canadian team again 5-1.

After the Swedes went home, happy despite their drubbing, the Smoke Eaters had 10 weeks to rest. They left March 10 for a six-day bus tour of Switzerland to show their wives where they'd taken the world title. There was a side trip to Lake West Germany to beat a Canadian Foxes team.

In Göteborg they were entertained in the mayor's official reception hall

dipping with chandeliers and statues, and in the other corner instead pool tables created by big industrial companies. The only invitation to their hosts (except of 10) was the welcoming message from the mayor of Västerås, who said "We like your kind of hockey, especially the way you played in Switzerland" — a pointed reminder that they'd cleaned up their act for the world championship after their dirty play in Sweden.

But the assigned two the schedule of the Swedish fans which more than anything impressed upon them that perhaps, after all, they weren't hockey boys born. The day before the first game in Göteborg, Don Fletcher saw a large crowd queuing for tickets at the arena. "Are they lining up for us?" Fletcher asked a Swedish player. "No, it's for the Russian-Czech game next week. We don't expect more than 3,000 for our game." He was wrong. There were 12,000 in the arena, more than would attend later world tournament games.

Throughout the tour, the Smoke Eaters played 15 of the Swedes they'd met in 1961, that first night the supporters' names were Lasse Bjorn, captain of the national team for 10 years, and Yamba Johansson who'd played a game with the Quebec Aces. Trail won 9-3.

The Swedish veterans had the help of four younger players for the second game, a 5-5 tie, but the Swedes won two of the next three 9-4 and 5-2. Their only loss was in Västerås where six senior all-stars helped beat them 4-5.

Finishing for the third game in Karlskrona, George Ferguson collided with Harry Smith and twisted his knee. He missed two games but played the last one as a pain to control the swelling. He got an assist on a goal by Västerås.

It was a good year. The first night in Sweden, a few players and their wives were consistently in a live sex show and on the final evening 20 couples drank in a tamer, more elegant strip-tease club. In between there was a lot of ego massage. After every game, two or three heavier, leonard the Swedes, once it took half an hour to walk one block from an arena. And one night former heavyweight boxing champion spent an hour draining beer in short drinking room.

"I think the women had more ego involved than the boys," says Kullen, Harry Smith's wife. "We laughed a little bit because the legs are not what they used to be but the hockey savvy is there. We felt proud traveling to the fans cheer for the kind of hockey again." Friendships formed. As a farewell

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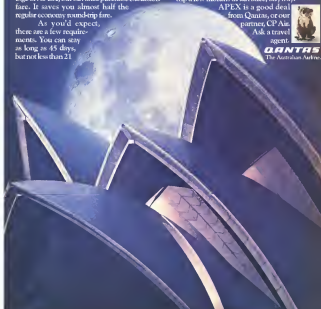
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Now the Smokies want to do it again

party in Stockholm, Swedish captain Lasse Ryberg — no-four and 200 pounds — took early in 1981 to the Canadian team. And at a champagne dinner, Gunnar Carlsson, a Swedish travel agent who acted as the team's interpreter throughout Sweden, rose to make a speech, uttered only a few words and sat down crying. The team learned later that he was doing of course. "Herry," he told Smith to the Smokies before he left Sweden. "This bond-ship may have no last you a long time."

After a few days' holiday in Spain, the Smokies came home to Canada, to the real world, where no one notices 40-year-old bodies, no one pays much attention to aging former hockey players. "My Swedish coach is, guys like Johnny Bueck," Herry Smith told me one afternoon as we talked about the NHL. "And I never gave it a what! I always say I could have done it, but sometimes I wonder why didn't you, dummy?" And at a team party at Cal Hockley's house, Don Fletcher, drop in his eye, said "I'd like to go through training camp now. If only God could give me —" "Legs?" asked Seth Martin.

The Smokies fans have now received a couple of letters from Sweden. One was a copy of a letter to Gordon Jackson from the Department of External Affairs, which had received a letter from the Canadian embassy in Stockholm. It said: "The 1981 Smokies Fan were gentlemen both on and off the ice. In Stockholm there was not a single penalty in the game. There was no fighting, no arguing with the referee and no threatening of officials and photographers in his heart the case occurred with other Canadian teams." The Smokies fans were truly goodwill ambassadors.

The other letter was from Hans Sandberg, of the Swedish old-timers' team. He said how much he and his wife, Karin, missed them and how "people are already asking when we will play the same number of games and when we will play them."

They just might. The Smokies bought and moved a house last summer, fixed it up for sale, and hope to make \$12,000 toward another European trip. When I left Seth Martin, he was talking about a season with the Rams and Corb years they had played in 1981.

"What I'd like to do is get an old-timers' world championship," he said. "In Europe there's no doubt you'd sell the place out. Even in a place like Vancouver you could probably draw 10,000. We've already written."

Dear Kids,
Remember the story of Captain Cook's voyages? Well, here's your Grandpa and me in his cottage in Melbourne. You would have loved the wildlife sanctuary at Healesville. Besides kangaroos, we saw koalas, platypuses and hookaburras when we went to



Now we're shopping in Perth (for bookbags) in a place called Andon Court. Australia is really fun — no matter what your age.
Love,
Grandpa + Grandpa

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Dunk Island on the Great Barrier Reef, we went for Emperor fishing. I caught the biggest one, and was Grandpa ever mad! We also saw Ayers Rock — the world's biggest rock — 5 1/2 mi round. The two boys who look like they're dancing are in a grape-bunching contest at the Barossa Valley Wine Festival — we spent two days there and went to lots of parties.



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BY ROY MACGREGOR

The rig begins to lift around ten P.M. a snarl of cranes and derricks which have passed the night dotting in the north some 100 yards off the port side. They will run when the gully drop falls. Men already at work look out at the daylight squeezing through and acknowledge that one more day is passing — one less day to spend aboard a drifkay in the North Atlantic.

Nearly miles to the southwest lies Cape Bonaville, the closest part of Newfoundland to the Hurdville. Beyond that, Gander and if the radar at both ends agree that the fog indeed has lifted. Universal Helicopters' big twin-engine Sikorski will shuttle out to the drifkay with the mail and whatever workers are due back. Skip or not, the pull-water when the Sikorski comes in and the ship's landing deck, and even as the helicopter is hoisted down men are already gathered washed with fat wallets and fresh Ben's suitcases in hand. Their excitement is most apparent in the way the toothpicks rise — up down loop around the tongue, flip out backward, flip, and tuck up tight to the left side of the mouth. These men are getting off.

Those not getting off don't care to watch the landing. The roughbacks changing the drill head set it and look it in as if the depth of the hole was their sole worldly care. Up in the recreation room they play gin for a tenth of a cent a point. They play in a large, saturated room that's not but for the scraps of paper that lie around the tables, the scores that tell the history of the men's spare time. Gin is the best vaccine they've found against boredom. But talk helps too.

"Gays say there's a new strapper at the Gander Flyers' Club," says Red Cleveland a stocky 25-year-old from Trail, B.C. Cleveland, a kenneled washbacker with a bandoliering plus, works as a "road man" in the Hurdville's explorations. He says the new strapping system used to remove cuttings from the hole. "Supposed to enhance 75-100 ft — can you imagine?"

"Imagine more," says Charlie McClarty a thick, boyish-looking "cement man" from Whitecourt, Alberta. "I wouldn't be surprised if they had mudstones ground under 'em."

Cleveland's been on for close to two weeks. McClarty for three. Most of the Canadian work two weeks straight, then get a week off. Most of the crew, though, are Norwegians; they work a full month straight and then fly back to Oslo for a month at home with full pay. Of the 34 men aboard the Hurdville, only 12 are Canadians, the rest being the Norwegians, several Frenchmen and a few. "You can always tell the Canadians," a man had said back at Gander. "They're the ones who get around with their sleeves rolled up when it's 30 below, wearing cowboy boots and chewing toothpicks."

Charlie McClarty likes toothpicks, and spends all his waking hours in cowboy boots. When the North Atlantic conchs up in the sea just far is "Sure I fill a few times," he admits. "But no way, man I'm off these boots. Besides it's not so much different out here than in a bush camp — except it rolls." Like most Canadians aboard, his job is specialized in the point of absurdity. He's only needed when they put cement packing into the hole. Though he does occasionally do auxiliary work. "I put in a good two or three hours a month, usually, I'd guess I get about 20 hours during a day. I gotta look! I've read through twice, and I made enough to get last week to pay for a 40-cent car at Gander. There's really only three things to do here — sleep, play cards and build."

McClarty and Cleveland are two of the more seasoned crew members. McClarty makes \$1,300 a month and gets \$15 a day bonus for every day he's on the well site, which would please just about anyone. Cleveland makes just over the boat's minimum wage — \$1,000 a month — which is what kitchen staff get — and also gets a nice bonus for every day he's working. He's contented because he's a good character — and what offers a better reputation outside than a ship at sea? They get five movies, usually watching the same one twice before they're gone, and every month or so the Norwegians bring back some nice pornography. There's even fishing. They catch up over either side for red and red snappers, using a 100-meter line, and the shaft stand once caught 27 in two hours. But to a guy like McClarty, who sometimes daydreams of age chasing for mountains from back in Alberta, the joy of jigging isn't quite the same. "Most exciting thing about snagging a red snapper at that depth," he points out, "is that their eyes usually pop when they reach the surface."

When the Hurdville spotted the well known as BP Columbia Bonaville C-99 last June on the Continental Shelf some 130 miles northeast of St. John's, it was to be the deepest well ever drilled off the Atlantic Coast of North America. Before they could even call it a well they had to get through 1,001 feet of water, and total anticipated depth was to be 15,500 feet, nearly two and one-half miles. Everyone was optimistic. The Canadian Society of Petroleum Geologists had estimated the reserves of undiscovered oil in Canada to be 84 billion barrels, more than five times what has already been recovered, and further forecast that 65 billion of these barrels would be found offshore, either in the Arctic region or the Atlantic. In addition, less than a year previously there'd been promising signs from Mobil Drift operations around Sable Island. But the roughback's nose for oil had led the really big finds would come from the Newfoundland Shelf.



Roy MacGregor is an associate editor of *Midwest*.



It's hard to get to sleep when you know the ship is surrounded by as many as 15 drifting icebergs

which is where the *Harold* would be sleeping. The oil companies were apparently aware that more than \$200 million had been spent on ice class diving by the last configuration in 1968, with only a hint of luck from around Sable — still, they took that to mean that there would be all the more in it for them once their own companies came on in the Newfoundland Basin (plus BP Canada (65% British-owned) had a former appointment with Columbia Gas Development Ltd. out of Calgary and they in turn contacted the *Harold*), a Norwegian-owned ship to explore the 12.7 million acres that BP had been granted by federal permit. BP like many other companies felt it was not the year. But if it wasn't well hell BP's arrangements with Ottawa would allow the company to keep on looking until September 30, 1979. All BP had to do was spend \$25 million in that stretch and if they kept to that part of the bargain and if oil or gas were ever found then BP stood to get the working rights to 40% of those 12.7 million acres. Other oil companies had similar agreements.

First off, though they had to come to terms with the icebergs, which helped to make things a much more interesting for the boys in late June and early summer. The 1974 season proved to be the worst in 30 years, making gas prices the most and most exciting prospect to be heard.

When made it looking was the way the *Harold* fought back. But in November she had to be towed back to the shore and her sister ship the *Pelican* (which was drifting for another company further north and was stuck in the jaws of Labrador) are two of only five such ships in the world. Unlike the sister ship of an oil rig which is towed or anchored to the ocean floor and works in water up to 600 feet deep, the *Harold* and *Pelican* are "displacement" ships and cost \$60 million each, they are companies and line property (British-owned, two 40% to perfectly accurate, their position over the wellhead, always with their bows into the water for stability. Should one of the million-ton icebergs slip out of the fog and shreds the ship out downstream from the well in its mission for telescoping the pipe above the wellhead and moving out of harm's way at 10 knots, with 900 feet of pipe dangling below her hull. Within eight hours (including the time needed for the iceberg to pass the ship) she is back, position and drilling.

"Sometimes you don't go to sleep at night knowing there's 15 bergs within 10

miles of you," says Brian Peaton of Russell Maritime, a member of the ice observation team. "The fog can get so thick it turns the radar. You just have to keep guessing when that rule of thumb is."

After a while though, around August the excitement faded. With the summer winds and warmth the bergs become more of a nuisance as they are in the way of a morning push. And as summer grows into fall, the fog becomes thicker and thicker. The fog grows thicker and thicker the way that it is really a rain more or less or a damp mist that sweeps over the boat and comes to rest peacefully, untroubled but acutely time occupied.



By fall the icebergs were just good nature. They talked about them rather than the chance of striking oil. For in the year since an oil company had more and more to do with the ice. After a while, no one even talked about the sign that was posted in summer spots: "Your cooperation is not allowing this well during your days off will be appreciated regardless of the country to which you return."

When you spend a good part of every day fishing for the third leg, or looking for the four of spiders to be dogged off so you can complete a run, the last become a convenient, almost mechanical bridge between conversations. The talk never flows, it bubbles up from time to time, bursts, and evaporates.

"Breaks," our comments in his voice, his hand. "You wouldn't believe St. John's. Down there they know they're there, they're there, and they want a job so badly to you do — no money there and going around goodly for three nights before you get a head on it. It's St. John's get down to it from the moment you get there."

"You can say what you want about this," Goudreau is man waving a wad of dog band. "That sure is gonna be nice

to get home in some strange wolf."

They talk a lot about St. John's. Time of means boarding the *Saskia* helicopter for the long ride back to Gander. Then five hours on the way to St. John's and a house that's made available for BP and \$20 a day spending money.

And Cleveland was down in his room thinking just about that. For him the big trip to St. John's was coming and it was close. And it was close. He'd showed up was trying to get the installation here on the top of his head to accept the new part down the middle and had a half-picked leader sentence before him. Big Charlie MacKay's New City Wolf — again. It's a small ship and the room is built to scale. A big man like McCarty is a room poorly — and he shares with three others. Not rooms, but time, very close.

"Tough, Charlie." Red was saying. "St. John's is really gonna be something. After a little stopover in Gander for a peak at the 75-inch chest then it's off to the best city in the country. Last time there I was in a golf and took her for a drink — a good drink — and she complained that the place cost too much. So we moved on to a cheaper hotel and I had my two more drinks and the look at me and when she did you wish she says, oh Charlie." He thinks McCarty thought the course, picking off the last shot of shaving cream with a towel. McCarty doesn't answer.

"She says, 'You know, Red, you don't need to be a drink if you want me to go to bed with you. It's that's what you want, let's just go.'" Cleveland laughs wishing in the others making about the room. As if they need to be his making it up.

McCarty just keeps on talking. He's used to Cleveland's mowing line. Unlike Red, Charlie has a way to think about "There's married us and a half year puts it on its mouth." In the way he puts it. "I got two kids, one above and one only a year old, and if you want to take that I mean I'd be back here twice in the past three years, you aren't too far wrong."

Out on deck late, Charlie sees that his hands in his front pockets, chewing a toothpick and watching why Cleveland should have seen the look, after all, had Charlie been on the job a lot longer would a break? Out over the surfboard how the gulls and terns scattered and Charlie inevitably looked along the sky. Over the horizon came a heavy pulse. Argue and watch, a flying Canadian jet on her and it showed the *Harold* twice coming within a

couple of hundred feet of where McCarty stood. "Are looking for that," he commented, looking down into that muddy water that surrounded the drifting operation. Probably though, he was wrong. The Argus wasn't looking it was delivering a message from Ottawa, a message that surrounded the ship in whose waters it was.

If that was indeed the case, and it likely was, then Ottawa should realize that such messages are lost in time like Charlie and the other drifters. They're passing a job as well as they can when the only one they ever know, and the absolute furthest they get from their minds is over whose property they might be trespassing. The date November 7, 1967 means nothing to them; they don't know that the day was the day after Michel Gid first thought of was on Sable Island and the very day the Supreme Court of Canada unanimously rejected British Columbia's claim to offshore resources, thereby setting a precedent for dealing with the Atlantic provinces. International law recognizes Ottawa's control of Canada's territorial waters. Newfoundland, however, does not. Newfoundland contends that any oil discovered offshore would be hers now just as it would have been then under the old Commonwealth agreement — the hadn't signed over any such rights under the terms of her joining Confederation in 1949. The province has already promised to take the fight to the Supreme Court if necessary.

It is estimated that \$200 million has already been spent on exploration in the area and that one billion dollars will likely be spent in total. Newfoundland has long been aware of dollar power, or lack of it, and in St. John's they figure that the potential for oil increases alone might be \$600 million, and they feel their argument that it rightfully belongs to the province is the strongest of all the Atlantic provinces. The powerful Minister of Mines and Energy, Lou Barry, has an answer. He is of the feeling that Newfoundland gets her fair share in the wealth and that "every possible dollar is spent in Newfoundland."

At the very moment that the seven-year Argus was irregularly sailing overboard, Brian Tiffin, a scientist on account in Newfoundland's provincial Department of Mines and Energy, was walking around the deck of the *Harold*. He'd been sent out from St. John's for a more specific purpose. "I'm here staring at my oil," he said. "And when it came out I figured I might run into a Newfie or two, but there aren't even one sitting out in the kitchen."

"So far, I doubt that 50 Newfoundlanders have profited directly from the exploration," said Robert Hebert-Hendy (now DA) Leader of the Opposition in St. John's and a few



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No oil has yet been found off Canada's Atlantic Coast that the companies believe is worth trying to recover

weeks later. "Mostly the only ones who've benefited have been the bars and real estate people. But we've got a workforce of around 125,000 and close to 25,000 are unemployed. The resource-based jobs are all we have."

The last case in the world such as this is Charlie McClary and Rod Cleveland have would be where the royalties from an oil strike might go. And in the end they may prove to have had the right attitude all along. No one talks much about it, but the plain simple truth is that no oil has yet been found off Canada's Atlantic coast that the oil companies feel is commercially feasible to recover. It is estimated a dry well off shore costs on times what a dry well on land costs and if Imperial Oil wasn't overly upset about drilling 135 dry holes before striking the Leduc field in Alberta in 1947, you can bet that same company is putting a trifle more cash in the 43 offshore wells they've put down in the past few years without hitting a paydirt Anzac land. Another rare circumstance surrounding along the east coast, has said it took them 345 a man to a mile on the water. That goes especially when you consider that the sector index on land is only 34% for finding a 50 million barrel field — and the companies have almost exhausted that an

economically feasible offshore operation would have to produce four times that amount. At the end of August, Anso announced it was suspending its drilling on the Grand Banks, six months earlier than expected. Raiser had it that they'd finally admitted nothing was there and that after they'd spent (according to their estimates) \$100 million.

As for BP Canada they were in down in Anso's not as up in Mohl, who were busy pulling holes into St. Lawrence Island. BP knew they were drilling in a promising area: the Newfoundland Basin, and that several successful strikes, a highly remunerative purchase of BP stock to their clients partly on the basis that BP's land projects were thought to be possibly the best educational ground in Canada.

But when the Huxford extended drilling in early October at 10-225 feet, the weather got too nasty for further operations just October, nothing had yet been found. It might have been completely discouraging, but not for water since the Pelican discovered natural gas in the local works of the drilling station. When the operator, Eastern Exploration confirmed that the potential flow was 20 million cubic feet a day — a "very promising" well — Premier Frank McCreary instantly commented that the

find would "without question, have the biggest effect on Newfoundland since any announcement that is likely to be made in our lifetime." Not much later BP announced that the Huxford would be back again this year, for another look.

But when the Huxford goes drilling this summer, the rest of the world won't be looking for Newfoundland or for the news. It's a strange coincidence that the men about the ship could be virtually uninterested in whether they struck oil or gas or not, while the people hundreds of miles away, the people who suffered devastation with natural disasters, share dividends or potential royalties, would be their career on the energy reserves of the Atlantic coast. The men who drill have only their commitment to a particular way of life that means good money "no house or broods" sleeping, working and playing go.

"It's a good life when you go to leave it," one of the younger Canadians who probably wished to be unlearned said. "I'm waiting for out that I won't be back again. I hope the board isn't. Not that I'm quitting, but I want to be back working back here. It's some experience to spend three months on a boat and never go anywhere. In three months the only good thing I found about it is that you can get your cup day-free."

Up in the recreation room, Rod Cleveland was also going to be glad to leave. Only he would come back when his leave was over. He liked the life drilling at sea. Gaps were broken out, the housing unit of English Lumber filled the room, the shoes were spot-patched black and he was ready. A voice came over the intercom: "Would Rod Cleveland please come to the mess room?"

A letter message had arrived. It carried regrets from Rod's replacement, he couldn't make it. Sorry. Coincidentally, another message was waiting to give Charlie McClary the leave he'd been waiting the past three weeks for, and while Cleveland went back to get and the life that would be a month of a zero point McClary went below, half fed the big boom, yanked on an Irish whet pullover, broke out the new Lee's jacket and pants and came back up just as the big Skanska helicopter broke through the fog, sending the gulls and terns into hysterics. Cleveland looked up from the gas pump.

"You looked that big scrapper! I have to wait for me now."

"Don't you see it?" McClary said as he cracked the door. He turned and looked directly at his friend. "I'll let you know if there's any makeovers!"



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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WALT DISNEY

The wolf film made \$8 million. Can Ralph Ellis repeat with two geese?

By JOHN HOFSESS

At a time when other film producers are offering the public interestingly desperate millions from lesbian play tapes to earthquakes, Ralph Ellis, the 56-year-old president of Key Productions in Toronto, is betting on two Canada geese to lay a golden egg. If that seems a longer shot than winning first prize in the Olympic lottery, consider how many millions were made this last year by such a bunch.

Most people looking at B.E. Mann's wildlife film *Geese Of A Legend* (1991) saw nothing remarkable in it. Just another Canadian nature movie (natives this time) destined to have a brief play on television and disappear. Ellis saw differently: deeper and bolder, he did a reversal, expanded success was made. *Geese Of The Wild*, which to date has grossed more than eight million dollars (another fact? Shrewd business sense? Whatever it is that enabled Ellis to produce the Canadian film with the highest earnings in our history) owes the prices of *The Apprenticeship Of Daddy* (Knox)

and four times as much to Quebec's legendary film-fish *Barb Promises to Die* (it's about to be used for a second time with his latest nature release, *Wings In The Wilderness*).

It may seem unlikely enough to be laughable, but as *Promises*' box-office charts demonstrated last year when *Geese Of The Wild* jiggled for first place with *The Exorcist* and *The King*, those who scoff at Ellis' products or opinions obviously don't know much about the modern movie market.

At the 1991 Canadian Film Awards *Geese Of The Wild* was shown to about 35 people late one afternoon (in place in the schedule bespoken a low status and most people, taking the last seat off no doubt). There were a lot of snobbish remarks going around about the "wild thing." A 90-minute feature about timber wolves seemed like the last word in cultural lag as far as the bright, fashionable cinema was concerned. Thus the film, which practically everyone ignored, went on to have the last laugh in no less-

denial way. While others bemoan the "quandary of the Canadian film industry" and complain so successfully that practically everyone now believes that the best of Canadian cinema is out of contact (translation and failure, of talent peering out and films going nowhere), Ralph Ellis went out, stood up his personal matter, made a film to fit it and ended in Mike Perry Berson's *Norwest Drom*, which 3.2 million Canadians watched last year, creating the highest rating for a Canadian dramatic series in the CBC's history or Greene Fitzpatrick's *North Of Superior*, which more than four million people have seen at Ontario Place since it opened in 1975. The films produced by Ralph Ellis are ones that many people want to see. As with all success stories, there are several interesting reasons.

"We used *Geese Of The Wild* as Ed-mundson," says Ellis, "and by the time of the returns we knew we had something. This was our strategy: we released the film at a time in the year when television viewing is highest and film attendance is lowest — late winter."

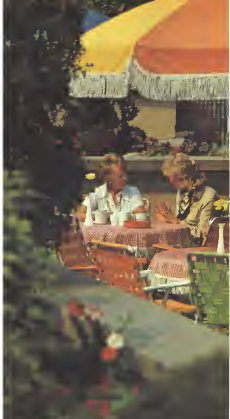
"A crazy time to release a feature ordinarily, but just right for our purposes. Our audience was sitting there in front of a TV set and we saturated them with commercials anywhere from three to six, sometimes more, times a day until finally there was no one in the family who didn't know that *Geese Of The Wild* was playing in their neighborhood."

"The process we used is called 'yearning' in the trade. That means we met the retailers — all four walls as it were — pay the staff, design the advertising campaign — the whole works except for production."

"The theatre owners loved it. We moved in when business was at its lowest and presented them a good return. And finally we filled the place. The usual rental arrangement for a film is that the exhibitor and distributor take up to 30% of the gross and pass along the remainder to the producer. A film can be a 'big' and have many profi-



John Haydon is a film critic and a con-tributing editor of *Meltdown*.



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The movies show animals as being almost human . . . it's often impossible to separate fact from fiction

Shown on the CBC, he has a knack for producing consistently successful family fare. "In making *Wings in the Wilderness*, I knew we needed something different. The nature documentary had reached its limit. A whole group of films, *Casper*, *Conan*, *Wilderness Journey*, *North Country*, *Booker of the Week*, *Grizzly Adams*, and others had

used up part of the market. *Wings in the Wilderness* adds a number of new experiences to the formula, and of course I'm hoping I've produced a winner." Even with the weather turning 25-below in the Northern Ontario cities and towns where *Wings in the Wilderness* had its trial run in January, the early returns showed it winning almost as

ahead of *Cry of the Wild*. (The film opens this spring in western Canada and in the fall in the eastern provinces, since an Elton points out, "the only good time to play a film like this is when you are first in an area that hasn't played one for some time.") The film is a fictionalized drama about animals, as action and a stability record that provides more suspense and comedy than is nature's wont.

Quite in the instructional wildlife film with the fact-based soundtrack. In its place is a very (highly) unrealistic in a number of facts narrated in a fatherly manner by Lance Greene about two geese (joined later by an Oriental Swan goose) who become separated from a human (narrator) Tim (Greene) and who grow up on the roadside, as it were, of human society, and emotional nature. Beginning (a poem) where by young birds of certain species will follow the first large, friendly figure they encounter — he is mother or not is a fact but does that have the film creates many other incidents, including the claim — and the apparent documentary footage to back it up — that the person whom grown could only learn to fly by following a immature, immature, airplane carrying a tape-recorded message of "there must be a voice" (echoing them to follow) that are bound to confuse both child and adult in seeing out fact from fiction.

Even the square movies these days are not forgotten. The ethical implications of the movie don't bother Elton — nor likely his audience, which appears to be the ability to have and appreciate (to them) of illusion. His future plans include feature films based on *Wilderness Men*, *The Strong Men of the Old* by Louis L'Amour (published in 1973 by Macmillan), and *Conan and the Rainbow*. Conan, by Bill Davidson (no, not the Bill by General Publishing) is a spin-off from the former television series, which proved to be successful and which may in turn engender a new series of its own. Though Elton is moving closer to the conventions of dramatic film with human subjects, the main emphasis still falls on Canadian wildlife.

It's lucky for film that the animals aren't actually as human-like as he depicts them. They would have formed a waste long before now, demanded a far share of the profits and had down producers to limit their exploitation. The high odds to all this is that if a pack of wolves and a flock of geese can make a million dollars, why don't they hope for everybody?



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A WEEKEND WITH SIR OTHO

A short sojourn between the pages of an English novel
BY JOY CARROLL

Mr. Fo, the Privileged, is having his breeches cleaned. His companion head-fisherman, ap. Bled with dry leaves and he's trailing them across the pale blue growing-room carpet. "Mr. Fo you attend! Preposterous!" Lady Pro-Palmer exclaims, spreading the dog neatly and juggling it a leaf-leaf. "My friend, the the garden could have killed him. Naughty Mr. Fo!"

Have a piece of gingerbread?" Sir Otho offers the plate and Targuin, the black Labrador, eyes it wistfully. He doesn't get a crumb and subsides by the two with a sigh.

This is English country life. A scene by Evelyn Waugh out of Nancy Mitford. It is a few weeks at Grange Ten time. Grange is a village of thirteen, ten pounds from a fat china pot and dark, mossy oaks served from a tray before the fire. The three of us are building part a table, in a room that's 40 feet long the corners are the quite coolish.

From where I sit, coddled in a velvet sofa which sinks into dangerous softness, I can admire the African mosaic with an carved white hanging rail on a painted blue ground, and the landscape above it which looks suspiciously like an early Turner. (Sir Otho is a William Turner fan.) Outside the thick wood door with the polished brass knob there are several of silver screens hanging back of the door and the room of faded and of tables being set up and places upturned from cardboard boxes. Sir Otho is looking Grange for a one-up tonight (the usual "party," if you don't mind 180 strong). Connoisseurs Party workers will arrive in all their finery to map their reward, a buffet dinner and dance, and a chance to take a look



at the front house for miles around.

Over his "cuppa," Sir Otho says he found a jolly good restaurant in Tauxan, a sixteen in nearby Somerset which a two and a half hours by train from London, where they give him a free piece of business in his book. Lady Pro-Palmer smiles understandingly.

"He loves that sort of thing. Once when we were both giggling in Farnham and Maiden, he let me two pounds that he could get more free food than I could. So we each took one and of the food was better. I loved everything I looked at, and was and hungry. Nothing worked. When I finally caught up with him, he'd had three free boxes and two pairs of smoked salmon. He'd turned up his coat collar and shuffled along looking very and and poor. So I had to pay up."

Lady Pro-Palmer told the story with great affection, obviously proud to have lost in such an Academy Award performance. She is chivalry and wears delicious tweed skirts in bubbly pinks and browns, two sweaters and patterned stockings and sensible shoes. She has sculptured black hair, regular brownish skin and a frank smile. Being Sir Otho's third wife she is 40, yet in the shade. Sir Otho admits to being 75, looks 50 and acts 20.

After tea there will be a mandarin in a dry room whiskey and soda on a tray to be sipped meditatively while I have a long, hot bath in the huge green tub. Lost in the fantasy of an English pastoral novel (resembling English pastoral novels which has been a Victorian hobby) I know the drill. There will be three days of it. Heaven.

I had arrived at Grange with Sir Otho at the wheel of a white Renault. After introductions, Lady Pro-Palmer showed me to my room, gave me a cup of tea and the house is as we climbed the broad oak staircase.

"The oldest part was a farmhouse built in 1850. Grange comes from the word grange. We're only the third owners to live here since it was built, which is quite remarkable. It was built by the Drew family." She opened the shut, double doors that led off the bedroom from the study corridor. "If you hear nothing at the hallway tonight, it's only the old lady lady in grey. She doesn't do any harm. They say she was a Drew daughter who ran away, made a Jay Carroll is novel editor of *Chatterbox* and the author of eight novels, the latest being *The Moby*.

Grange comes equipped with a ghost, who is said to have thrown a guest out of bed in the middle of the night.

bad marriage and was forced to return home asking to be taken back. She committed suicide somewhere on the estate. Oh yes, and if your bedroom door opens by itself, don't be alarmed. We think it's the covers, boys."

It was a pretty bedroom with two mal-loned windows, a double bed with a circular canopy and twigs in criss on the-ink, a goosey mahogany wardrobe and an awesome adjustable bed with an order-

By now I think that I lost sight (long after he and my solitary whiskey) the Conservative Party breakfast was building slowly through the important rooms on the ground floor. As I came down the stairs (imagining myself as a Drew daughter who had not made an unfortunate marriage) there were carefully stacked men with cocktail trays juggling plates of chicken in the stairwell while shopgirls and farmers were waiting to be served. The ground floor porter and the first-floor appointments of the matter bedrooms — temporarily transformed into a Ladies by a hand-painted sign tacked on the door

I was whisked into the drawing room by Sir Otho, where Lady Frost-Palmer, the local Member of Parliament and his wife were revving up for the evening ahead on some special champagne (Sir Otho was a former MP for a Sussex riding and so the men had something in common).

Eventually we joined the starliners for a plate and then a dance to Ser Otho's records, ragged up to a loudspeaker in the main hall. Predictably, Ser Otho turned out to be a second Fred Astaire.

HOW TO GET THERE

Oak Leaf Travel Limited in London, England, operates the Country Homes and Lodges Program. Annette Stone (11 Regent Housegate, London, W1B 5AA, England) is the company's British Isles representative. She says you can book through a travel agency. They'll allow 300 or more miles from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales willing to take weekend visitors for a fee. You pay the agency directly and no money changes hands between host and guest. Only overseas travelers may take advantage of this program. Hosts need not pay. Homes range from castles, historic houses and water houses to small flower houses and thatched cottages. Many of the hosts are listed or are listed *gratis*, while some are professional and

In the morning, Lady Proctor-Palmer often to show me around Grange. Over the centuries the house has grown to four large wings in the shape of a rectangle. The courtyard in the middle has tiny cobblestones, and the round stone well has been filled in and now holds a vast reddish hydrangea. After the Elizabethan period, some alterations were made during Georgian times but the classic house held.

"Fortunately," Sir Otto says before we take up the tale: "The Victorians didn't have enough money to run the place. But unfortunately, during the 1920s the former owner needed money and sold off the painting from the music room to a rich American. There it's in a Washington museum now and insured for \$350,000. A real tragedy."

Lady Price-Palmer shows me the trapdoor to a great hole located in bedroom closet. The door leads down to a tunnel now sealed off in diagonals. Nobody knows just where the tunnel emerges but it is thought to be somewhere beyond the estate boundaries. Like most old houses, Gossage trans-

"Do you use E violence in here?" Lady Prior-Palmer asks when we reach a large sitting room used at present as a store room for odd bits of furniture and pictures. She points out two 16-foot gilt-framed portraits of Edwardian ladies in tan gowns. "You know, after we put those two pictures in here I could smell the scent of violence for days. It's a pity the smell is gone. I rather liked it."

morning waking us out of a sound sleep.

"Well, I didn't hear a bell. We don't have a bell here. Perhaps it's connected in some way with the Cuckoo. He's used to have thrown a guest out of the bed in your room and then he sat down in an armchair by the fire and glared at the poor man."

After a cold ham and salad lunch, we drove to the Devon Coast through villages with such magical names as Wiggleson, Updownham, Chazy St. Mary and Sedmouth.

Back at Grange, the flock of geese has taken possession of the driveway. The gander snags us when we get out of the car, but Lady First Palmer shouts at him and he skitters off wings flapping.

wrens, you see. They're really hot birds. Birds are wicked."

In the drawing room, Sir Osbo has brought out the opening chapters of his memoirs for me to read, as well as the family album. According to Burke's Prentice he got a DSO in 1945 and was knighted in 1959. He was educated at Wellington and RMC Sandhurst. In World War I he commanded the 9th Lancers and in World War II he first commanded the 2nd Northamptonshire Yeomanry and later three different armoured brigades. Sir Osbo refers to his military career as "a bit of soldiering."

By early evening we are supping round to the local doctor's for a black dinner. Sir Chao is elegantly got up in a blue velvet jacket and frocked white shirt. He is wearing a black silk hobbie skin and a paddy gown against the winter. They

houses are rated three stars (situated in a handful of counties and 15 towns), two-star (country houses and castles of nobility and historic interest) and one-star (charming country houses typical of the area in which they are located). Some attempt is made to mark guests with hosts and housewifery, although no guarantee can be made about the success of the individual weekend. Prices begin at \$75 (double per night) and go up to \$120. This price includes good wine and food, the host and housewife, three-course dinner with wine and coffee, breakfast and room. Visitors are usually expected to entertain themselves during the day and at lunch, regaining or arranging golf, boating or fishing.

unfolds: "submarine commences" ("hellish fella, you must talk to her"), and a chap who works in The City (the square mile of money in the heart of London). It is reassuring to find that a life-sized movie, some dinner tables and follow the old rule, talk to the person on your right for half the meal and then swing around and talk to the person on your left for the second half. Absolute no unfurled cross talk. Afterwards men adjourn behind closed doors for heavy and no unfurled unfurled while women take coffee in the drawing room.

Would you believe Sunday breakfast in bed on a tray along with *The Sunday Times*? Or cherry at noon with one of the neighboring premium farmers and his wife who have come to discuss the rules governing rent? "How many minutes

you have?" Lady Fraser-Palmer enquired as the order fell on a small bed for breakfast. It appears he has 150 breeding sows which produce three or four litters a year. When the couple has departed the conversation turns on the parish church where Lady Fraser-Palmer has just been taking communion.

"I don't take communion," Sir Otho says. (He is twice divorced.) "My minister here told me I'd have to tell *every* thing to the Bishop of Exeter and I said, 'Thanked if I will.'"

At lunch, Lady Price-Palmer spots Prospero and his wife Pina watching the parrots. She flies to the door shouting "Get out of there, you great brute!" And turning to the exiles: "We don't want these birds because we've made pairs of them. I thought some anonymous goings-to tell for the table but even they will have to be slaughtered before the children come home for Christmas. That's the difficulty with the English: we're too fond of animals."

Sunday movie is to be an Extravaganza With Noel Coward. Six Other visited Coward's apartment a couple of times and remembers fondly, "He was always on, you know I have some of his records. I'll play for you for the greatest possible fee."

"Don't play the whole record, pop-pet," Lady Faint-Palmer advises. "Some of the songs aren't very good. Play *Mad Dogs And Englishmen*. And the one about Harry."

Picking the cream of Coward craves for Ohio to pump up and down a good deal and there is a certain amount of needle scratch along with the music. But good bandy a big lot and serious cream make that seem unimportant.

"We like to have guests from outside," Lady Pross-Falmer says happily. "We accept people as long as they're genuine no matter where they come from. Last summer we had a lovely American couple but the problem was they drank *ev*. So I went to the pub and said, 'Dear dear Mrs Thorn do you have any American whiskey?' But the pub said there was no call for American whiskey here and that was the end of it. We never did find one for them."

The weekend seemed diminished to play itself out in scenes and the final one was a set piece on the swing of the oak staircase with the backdrop of stained glass windows. As I was going up to bed, Sir Otho, true to character, asked his wife permission for a coffee enema.

"I'd like to knit that prototype," he said. "Would that be all right, darling?" Lady Price-Palmer thought it would be delightful. I expected to hear the strains of Coeur's *I'll See You Again* from the wings. It would have been fitting, and as Goshaw anything is possible. ♡



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WHY CAN'T HARVEY AND LLOYD BE MORE LIKE WALTER?

By Philip Marchand

Probably no other performer on network television is so closely tied to his niche as the anchor man for the evening news. The host of a national newscast hour or talk show may turn out to be a vulgar buffoon, a dream disk, a pinstriped bore — but whatever category of human or spiritual disaster he or she may fall into, the networks can always write it off as one of those hundreds of show biz. Not so with the anchor man. If he is repellent, then something much closer to the events of national pride is involved. Let me put it this way: Walter Cronkite is probably the most trusted man in America. If it were discovered that he scorned cowboys on the side, or invited little girls up to his apartment late at night, it might well prove to be the last, fatal blow to the collective sanity of American society. The American people could not bear the fact that the anchor had led to this world, as a matter of fact, he's extremely involved with their sense of themselves and their country.

In the 19th century, North Americans did their personae, their sense of nationalhood, with political rallies, newspapers, and the physical connection provided by the railroad. In the late 19th century, the need to derive our sense of nationalhood from the tube. Watching the evening news is not so much a means of keeping informed, as a way of plugging ourselves into a great national electronic vortex. In the center of the vortex stands the anchor man — our guide on this electronic trip. What he says is not half so important as the way he presents himself. If there is a hint of instability or insecurity in his personality the viewer can be very badly perturbed. The news anchor is a man without an anchor man who inspires confidence, loathing, or the wrong kind of sympathy. Hopefully he will inspire the opposite: trust, affection, a willingness to take him in and what he's saying at face value. It's the only way that the news, or more precisely the evening news of our country that comes across in any given night, can be made palatable to the viewer.

The Americans, because their society is less stable and more violent than our own, and because they have more at stake, have chosen their anchor men with particular care. Walter Cronkite is the best example. He is a crackpot as far as the nation on the Pacific side — to use a more pertinent analogy — the photograph of Abraham Lincoln in the office of U.S. Senators. It is interesting to compare our own newscasters to their electronic sons — and to some of his colleagues as well. Do Lloyd Robertson and Harvey Kerk come across with the same homely flavor of warmth, wisdom and integrity as newscasters such as Cronkite and Roger Mudd and Harry Brown? Do they project a sense of being righteously skeptical, without ever stooping to cynicism or losing faith in the little people, which is so deplorably present in Don Rabe, David Goodrich and Howard K. Smith?

Well, take a look at Lloyd Robertson. He is certainly personable — pleasant, alert, with agreeable features and a voice that is as pleasant as anything in the movements of a waiter of showing you a table in the best restaurant in



town. That disarming politeness can be as irritating to its own way as his boyish, unfixed face, a face which seems never to have been marked by human tragedy, but gentle or any of the other street passions of mankind. It is possible that Lloyd Robertson may be the single nation of Canadian nations have of the way they would like their sons to grow up — the kind of boy who is polite to his elders and respectful of the girls he takes out to the high-school cafeteria party. But somehow, that is not as much the sort of an anchor to

Harvey Kerk is a different specimen altogether. My heart goes out to him. He seems to be moulting a secret sorrow, a deep redemptively laughing on from some long-past episode in his life, behind that aged, almost somnolent exterior. His reports of responses in sports (and he can be proved if he is reading a humorous news item, or he can be proven if he is reading a story about a dog being shot out of Montreal, but don't about it). He will never know up. And although he is a more likable figure than Lloyd Robertson, who will never become up either, part of that likability is based on the fact that unmistakable traces of pity that he assumes in the viewer. Harvey is a good fellow, all right. Incapable of any sadness. Always is there pitying, reading the news with obvious effort and holding his body as if he could be toppled forward at any moment by someone pushing him from behind.

Part of the reason Kerk and Robertson are so pulled on air, of course, is that they do not have the journalistic outlet of some of their American counterparts. Walter Cronkite runs the CBS newscasts, people like Harry Brown and David Goodrich at least with their own stations. While Kerk has some say over what he reads on the air, it is not enough to stamp his personal imprint on the program. Robertson has almost no say at all.

Robertson and Kerk will not appeal or shock you, and that is certainly an advantage, but they do nothing for our sense of collective identity each weeknight at 11 p.m. We need anchor men who can suggest that they are at least capable of getting upset or mad, of being genuinely moved by the passing of a great man, of being shocked by the passing of a great man, of being shocked by the passing of a great man, of being shocked by the passing of a great man. But of course that would imply something which is allowed to stink their minds out from time to time. Canadians are probably ready for something different from the present format: they see every night as the television newscasts of the nation — ready for some real bad news of bad news.

WATCH: *Evening Magazine* (CBC, Monday, 10 p.m.). Let's face it, this is not the news to watch if you want to relax, but the host, Dr. David Suzuki, who looks like a hippie with intelligence, serves up some fascinating items.

Only News (CBC, Saturday, 6:30 p.m.). Noel Harrison, host of the musical half-hour, is an easy performer to watch. He may well have a bright future as a Canadian television producer, can think of a more exciting format for his talents



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CLARENCE, THERE'S SOMETHING WE'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU...

By Stan Fischler

On any given day in any given year between 1946 and 1975, the National Hockey League has been treated by the media as if it were the veritable wilderness of Clarence Sutherland Campbell. He has been president of the NHL for 25 years, longer than Napoleon ruled France, longer than Hitler dined to Germany and longer than MacKenzie King presided over the Canadian government.

This year, his bosses, the NHL team owners, have finally decided, during a last-minute change of plans, that Campbell has to go, the sooner the better.

Editorial pages written from the Toronto Star to the New York Times and even the Atlanta Journal have recently condemned NHL quality and deplored the violence in the games. Franchises such as Oakland and Pittsburgh have weakened the league's image. Campbell's pompous "I'll never get off the ground" attitude toward the World Hockey Association resulted in his loss. It encouraged the new league's growth and ultimately led to the deflection of such former NHL "fans" as Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull. The NHL "specie," as Campbell likes to call his product, has deteriorated in sales value to the point where, for the first time in years, the league is in serious danger of losing its lucrative U.S. network television contract.

It is possible that the NHL would not have run up all these debts if Clarence's employers, the owners, had put Clarence out to pasture in 1970 when he reached the age of 65. But probably a good part of the responsibility for the NHL's trouble lies with the owners themselves. In the last few years of Campbell's reign, it has become more than apparent that the owners were pulling him in a dozen different directions. In any showdown, the government invariably overruled Campbell. A stronger arm might have fought back harder but Campbell has acted more like a puppet tangled in its strings than the decisive president of a huge operation.

"Campbell never had the guts to take a big stand on an important issue," says Toronto Globe and Mail columnist Scott Young. "He had the responsibility to bloody well be his job as the first owner as ever. If the owners wouldn't listen, he should have walked out the door and quit."

Instead of quitting, Campbell has remained in office, sitting, as sports critic Jack Olson once put it, "like the man dunked by icebergs at the arrival." Clarence has observed all the moves and especially his bosses could throw at him. The supreme example of Campbell's "flexibility" was his stand over the issue of NHL exposure. In the early Sixties, Clarence openly ridiculed the idea. "Expensive hell," Campbell said mockingly in 1965, "is newspaper talk."

But the NHL's balance of power was rapidly shifting toward a group of expansionists headed by New York Rangers president Bill Jennings. And when the league voted to expand in 1965, Clarence said, with an air of embarrassment, that he thought expansion was a wonderful idea.

One of his bosses criticized up this acrobatic performance rather bluntly: "Clarence Campbell, the NHL governor as-

seried, "is nothing but a parliamentary clerk."

In the spring of 1971, Campbell fined Stafford Smythe's Maple Leafs and Bill Jennings' Rangers \$5,000 apiece for a fight in the Stanley Cup playoffs. Jennings and Smythe balked at the fine. Busted again! The boardroom voted, Campbell reduced the fines by \$3,000 for each team.

Like the schoolyard bully, Campbell traditionally has been tough on the league's 95-pound weaklings and knee-bobbers when confronted with NHL heavyweights. Thus he felt no compunction about suspending players Don Gallinger and Billy Taylor from the NHL for life in 1948 after they had admitted beating on hockey games. But he would not bar convicted criminals such as Harold Ballard and Tom Scullen (above) from owning teams. By contrast, baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn banned New York Yankees' boss George Steinbrenner out of baseball for two years last winter after Steinbrenner had been convicted and fined for making illegal election contributions to Richard Nixon in 1972.

"Loyalty," says Campbell-supporter Ben Coleman, Southern New Service columnist, "is one of his virtues."

Perhaps. But according to several NHL players, fairness isn't. Especially when it comes to penalizing violent players. Campbell will rush to punish blood-thirsty players but will ignore his protective doctors around the likes of Bobby Orr. During a Leafs-Bruins playoff game in April, 1971, Orr went into a tantrum over a call by referee John Ashley. Instead of severely punishing Orr, Campbell judged "There's no punishment for me to act in this case," he said. "If I did, I would have to referee every game after it was played."

Chicago Black Hawks' forward Jim Pappas drew a five-game suspension for slugging referee Bob Myers early this season and charged that Campbell has one code of rules for average players and another for the stars. "The last all right for the stars," snapped Pappas. Philadelphia Flyers' captain Bobby Clarke followed Pappas's blast with a demand of his own that Campbell step.

The overriding weakness among the owners this year was that Campbell is just too old to be president. An unknown attorney for the St. Louis Blues, James D. Coffey, emerged for a time as a favorite in the race to fill his shoes, with support from owner-husbandry Bruce (Dorrell) Norris and Bill (Chicago) Wirtz. The thought of an American handling the NHL, given so many Canadian interests and Toronto Maple Leafs' governor Robert M. Schepowitz, has now moved into the picture as an eleven-hour entry.

Campbell has obviously been fielding a lot of criticism and abuse but despite that and the fact that the odds have been stacked for his immediate exit, he appears as serene about his job and performance as the Phoenix Karmies II. "Alder up," says Clarence, "the sun doesn't have to say it alone."

Stan Fischler is a sports writer and author of the book *Shutout*, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.



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HOW MARSHALL DELANEY HELPED ROBERT FULFORD FIND HIMSELF

By Barbara Moon

As "Robert Fulford," Robert Fulford has been a Canadian journalist and movie-critic since the early Fifties, largely an editor of *Saturday Night* magazine. As "Marshall Delaney," Fulford is his alter ego, for the past seven years, *Saturday Night*'s movie reviewer. Now he has reviewed about 30 of the reviews, grouped them under three headings (*The Canadian Sense*, *The Hollywood Versions* and *The World Out There*), added an introduction and offered the package as a hardcover book, *Marshall Delaney At The Movies* (Pent Media Associates Ltd., \$10).

If you're a film addict I imagine that reading notices of films past has a particular interest: retrospectives, somewhat like to go back through old family photographs, at the good times and the bad times, the occasions to new places, the story things that get out. The retrospectives — like the neighbor who happens to drop in on your game on — won't get quite so crack out of it. But even so, *Marshall Delaney At The Movies* is really a very agreeable evening's leisure reading.

Fulford writes gracefully, with a good deal of decorative panache. His humor is pleasantly peevish. In one place, for example, he suggests that, given the ardor and perspicacity of the Canadian film community, the perfect Canadian movie would be one that exhibited our whole movie-making and distribution apparatus without the actual bother of realizing the "art object," which is his cue for the film itself.

His targets, quite a bit, mostly and with caution. It is his main practice to submit what might be called the reviewer's proper word something with more cultural scope — or at least a cultural insight or two. In the introduction he speaks of "reading the entrails of the period" through movies, and of "trying to understand the psychic style of contemporary society." Thus he looks for review of *I Am Curious (Yellow)* to the crucial film as the basis for reflection on our persistent sexual attitudes. Several films set in New York occasion a discussion of that city's deviant psychology meaning. A bad Canadian film called *Delaney* prompts a lament about the special cinema of seeing a bad Canadian film.

It's good enough fun, especially if you happened to catch the movie. But as a reviewer, writing to lack and the cumulative effect of 70 reviews simply isn't good enough. Even released as an album, there are still as more than a periodical reviewer's random thoughts.

One often that does occur as in *Marshall Delaney At The Movies*, though, is the impression that Fulford has been looking along with of trouble with the first-person singular. There are one of two starting little emotional blips. "Well, me, acceptance of a new approach always begins as ridiculous," for example. Or "The film arrived at a moment of acute confusion in my life and I wasn't willing to admit (either to myself or to my students) that I could be touched in this way."

There is his pushing pronunciation that "whenever, if it is at all possible, can frequently have its astonishingly." There is his many called *Appreciating Lenny* in which he burks

the extreme approach to film criticism as the next best thing to psychoanalysis. "The principal value lies in self-discovery," he writes, approvingly.

Is this why Fulford set up as a movie critic? To get in touch with himself at *Saturday Night*'s expense?

Well, yes and no. All this has to be taken in conjunction with Fulford's introduction to the book wherein he makes it clear that what he believes he has been wrestling with is not so much a book in his therapy as a writing hang-up. "In my twenties," he says, "I could tell in love with an extremely subject, nearly get converted by Billy Graham, change all my ideas about literature during the reviewing of one book, become severely annoyed by a bullet — and never reveal a word of it to print."

Thus what happened?

According to Fulford, what happened was that circumstances caused him to assume the name "Marshall Delaney" when he began his extraordinary movie reviewing. That was in the mid-Sixties. Miraculously, the pseudonym began to liberate him. "By 1972 I reached the point where I could write a piece of autobiography that told something close to the truth about who I was and where I came from," he boasts.

Fulford is proud of this.

I've watched a lot of good personalities go personal these last few years. And no wonder. It sounds savings. It's always been the secret solution to a number of stylistic problems. It's a gross technique for objective research. And—over time—the advent of the New Journalism, with its apparent license to let it all hang out — solutions will at least let you get away with it, will even make it.

Fulford has certainly caught the general zeitgeist for self-revelation. But he must be about the only writer left in North America to cheer up in practice, so rigorous and intense his busy being behind an assumed name while he brought himself to write the word "I."

He blames his inhibition, by the way, on habits instilled in him by his training in the *Los Angeles Times* in the early Fifties. Maybe so, but the same habits may also be his remedy. I say this because I have just finished reading a book by another Canadian journalist. The book, called *Paradise Lost* (James Lorimer & Company, \$7.95), is by Nicholas McCracken, and those of you who follow Canadian journalism will probably recall that personal reference is not one of Mrs. McCracken's major writing problems. She is in her early thirties, which is to say about a decade junior to Fulford, and that, one wonders, is how she moved the old-fashioned constraints at which Fulford shudders. Her book is autobiographical and semi-critical, an account of her childhood and adolescence in the Winnipeg suburb of Riverview. Thus, honestly, are some of the chapter headings: Parents, Authority, Church School, Friends, Junior High Graduation. And so on. It's candid — and impressively precise.

Fulford was programmed against making that sort of take a long time ago.



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CONFESSIONS OF A CANADIAN CHAUVINIST PIG

By Hunter Robertson

About a year ago I met a member of the Committee for an Independent Canada outside a retro shop after a before/after shoot. Canadian nationalism. "Where," he said, looking guilty, "I almost admitted I was anti-American."

Why not? It would at least be an admission of the truth. I am sick of all the sneering hand-wringing rant about our poor food and laughter to the south, the longest undefended border in the world blithely while that good friend, violent anti-explosive shroud and corrupt at home, team as with contempt and love his life.

I am anti-American. There, it's said. The secret is out. I do not identify with American traditions or ideologies with American values. I feel no comradeship. They are foreigners. I like them less the more they push me around.

Now I will be accused of being reactionary, chauvinist, bigoted, prejudiced — in a word, anti-American. At a colony, Canada is encouraged to define itself according to American values — liberalism, progress, free enterprise, individualism — even when those values contradict Canadian experience, and to hold everything else in contempt. Since we are often the hold everything in contempt. We play the symphony, spending our lives chasing about on American friends, always late, always out of step, always fleeing, assured if we're good with a put on the head and a place near the impediment foot. If we stopped knowing that foot long enough to raise our eyes we might see that the Empire wears no clothes.

Canada must be the only country in the world where it's shameful to be a patriot. The leading proponent of this stance is the Prime Minister who recently stated on American television that nationalism is "dangerous." (It probably is dangerous to him since Trudeau became a millionaire when his father sold the family's gas stations to Imperial Oil.) Trudeau delights in the metaphor of the American elephant and the Canadian mouse, an analogy which exaggerates differences in scale between the two countries and endorses our national self-image as a cowering creature who is very easily stepped on. Anyone who thinks like a mouse will be too.

We are, our analysts tell us, a nation of victims, Jews, blacks, Indians, Indians. We can't find our identity, we tell us looking for the low levels and starting like pods over the period sunset. We are useful! Perhaps it is healthier for us to direct our anger against the real enemy rather than against ourselves.

Anti-Americanism is a Canadian tradition. It dates back to Sir John A. Macdonald and the national debate and before that to the War of 1812 (when we burned the White House) and before that to the American Revolution of 1775 when the United Empire Loyalists brought their loathing of Yankee republicanism with them across the border. It's an honorable tradition which built this country and kept it together. It has been subverted only since World War II when the United States superimposed Britain as the world's greatest imperial power. The worst enemy in Canada — the family contempt of business, individualism and politicians — sanctified its allegiance

from the Queen to the President. Delebarter's attempt to liberate Canada by speaking to various colored symbols was inherent to a generation of postwar Canadians educated by American power and paid with American money that the world is turning upside down.

I became a Canadian the day John Kennedy was shot. I was a student in New York, surrounded by weeping classmates, and I felt a sudden and silent cry. I felt calm and apologetic because I couldn't cry. It was not my president, nor my country, those bells did not toll for me. I wasn't sure who I was but I knew I wasn't American. Since 1963 that gap has widened. I couldn't identify with Martin Luther King or the Vietnam war, Watergate was a TV show and Gerry Ford is a machine part. Now I feel not alone but relief — thank God I am not an American.

A friend told me about a dinner he had. American soldiers broke down his front door and smashed through his windows. He moved down 14 of them with a machine gun before barricading himself in his living room. I suspect most of us have our revolution/insurrection fantasies — I confess to a desire to toss a hand grenade into every American campus I pass on the highway. Perhaps rebellion is encouraged by the crumbling of the Yankee colossus: defeat in Asia, the humiliations of Nixon and economic recession. America is vulnerable and is soft underfoot along its northern border. Maybe the secret money is now on Canada.

A shift of perspective is taking place in this country. We see ourselves grow through our own eyes instead of in a British or American mirror; we are no longer victims, orphans, but explorers, discoverers, homesteaders. The real debate is not whether Canada wants independence, but what kind of country we want where it is achieved. The quest for the new world which brought us all to this country is just starting. By knowing who we are, we can begin to decide who we are, where we are and what we're doing here.

Independence gets rough when it looks down to people — the university professor, the executive in the next office, the newspaper columnist, the political activist, friends, co-workers, nice people, Americans. We don't want to fight with them, but their feelings make them feel awkward. What do we do? Perhaps we can distinguish between private and public Americans, those who are absorbed immediately into the fabric of Canadian life and those who have the power to influence our economy, our culture and our future. They must agree to accept Canadian attitudes and Canadian traditions and set lay on us, with all the good intentions of the world, their own ethics and assumptions they can't find they have to go. The confrontation will be small, personal and widely fought, but until they are faced we cannot deal with the larger issues of economic protection and political reform. They force each of us to stake out our ground and say, "Hurt, this is mine." It can be a positive and creative act. As Robert Frost put it with Yankee wisdom, "Good fences make good neighbors."

INTRODUCING A NEW BEER WHO'S GOING TO DRINK IT?



Cool Spring is a new light beer brewed especially for the person who likes the refreshment of a beer but wants a lighter taste. Cool Spring contains less alcohol than other Canadian beers. (For example, most beers offer around 5% alcohol by volume. Cool Spring's content is 3.9%). It's been brewed for the person who enjoys a light beer, now and then. But who is that person?

Choosing a beer is a personal thing, but we're willing to guess that Cool Spring will appeal to people who enjoy the refreshment of a light beer. Now and then Cool Spring by Labatt's. Maybe it's for you.

LIGHT, REFRESHING



MAYBE IT'S FOR YOU





The Southpaw

(Smirnoff, cola and a squeeze of lemon.)

Sometimes you can't see the forest for the trees. Maybe that's why we never thought of cola before.

Good, old cola is so obvious, we went right by it in our search for interesting things to mix with Smirnoff.

Well, we never intended a slight to cola and, hastening to make amends, we mixed Smirnoff and cola and a squeeze of lemon. And voilà, a Southpaw.

We trust you'll find the Southpaw as tasty as we do. Now, you've got two ways to enjoy cola. Straight. Or Southpaw.



To make a Southpaw, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice, fill with cola and add a squeeze of lemon.

Smirnoff
It leaves you breathless